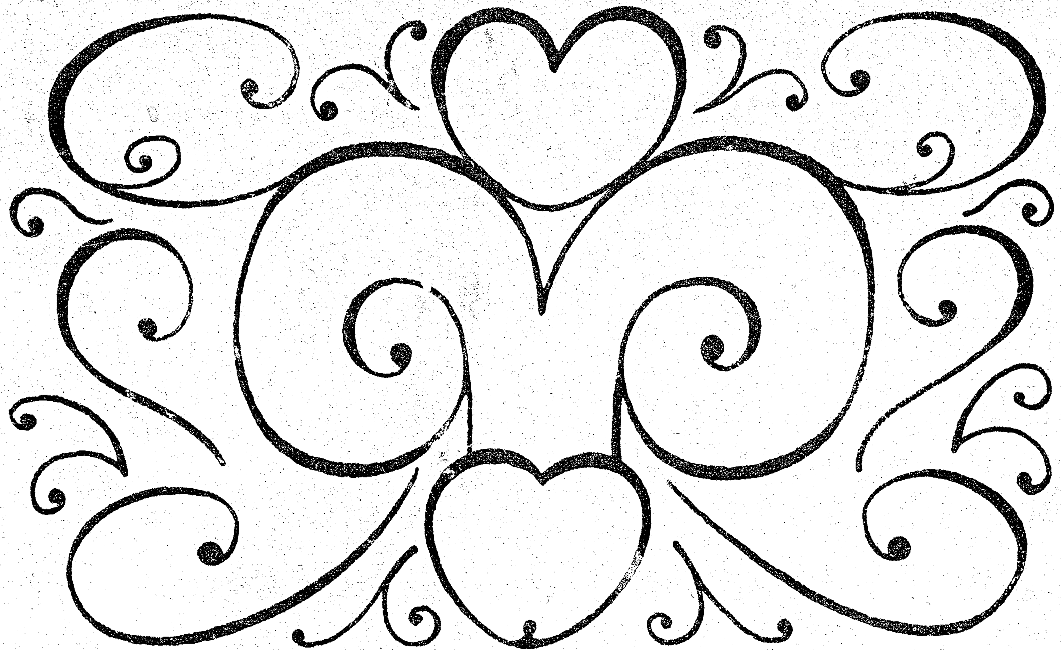
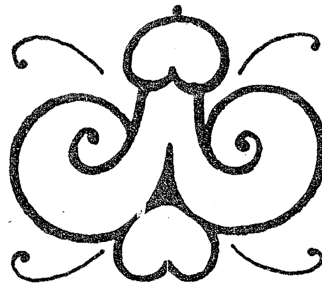
Snatches & Lays

Songs Miss Lilywhite Never Taught Us



SNATCHES & LAYS

Songs Miss Lilywhite Should never have taught us



Edited by

SEBASTIAN HOGBOTEL & SIMON FFUCKES

BOOZY COMPANY

MCMLXII

INTRODUCTION

FUCKING made all of us, and one of the reasons we are publishing this collection is because we think it is time to say so, not in mealy-mouthed euphemisms, but in the language that people use.

The songs and verses in this collection have, in some cases, been sung and declaimed for centuries. It is proof of the vitality of this form that the most recent of them is less than three years old; by the time this book has appeared the store of unprintable, 'dirty' songs will have been further added to.

Illegal, underground if you like, but not unprintable - as this collection demonstrates - and there is a separate quarrel with the word 'dirty'. How have we manoeuvred ourselves into a position where a hanging can be referred to, but not a fuck? Why must such a centrally important group of human activities such as fucking, shitting and pissing be ignored? Why must our vocabulary and our perception of experience be impoverished by taboos which strike at such fundamental activities? The words themselves, as a chain of recent events from the Lady Chatterley case to Lennie Bruce's nightclub satires have emphasised, have their present 'dirty' cachet simply because we hide them in the dark. It is ironic that there is even difference of opinion on how some of the most widely-used words in the English language should be spelt.

The task of selecting and editing these songs and verses has not been easy, nor have our labors been lightened by the awesome realisation that in some small degree we have become instruments of the 'folk process'.

Many items were rejected on the grounds that they were insufficiently bawdy, or because they lacked artistic merit. Others were cast aside as being merely revolting, without wit or spirit.

We have had in mind, at all times, the singer rather than the reader. Despite phrases, lines or whole songs of startling literary quality, these are not works to be read in tranquillity, let alone in solitude. Few of them will reveal their color unless sung rowdily, rhymically and *con molto gusto*. They are songs which are inseparable from the grape and grain which inspired them no less than the cock and the cunt.

In this regard this is an unusual anthology. Without a crowd of mates and a niner or its equivalent this book would be a dead loss, as useless as a cookery book to a man marooned on a barren rock.

There will we expect be innumerable complaints about favorite songs presented in variant versions. It is a tribute to many of these songs that they exist in so many versions, each one forcing the editors into further ecstacies of admiration and depths of indecision. But there had to be editing, and anything we have done is only the latest step in a process of editing which has gone on ever since each of these songs first began to take shape.

The inclusion of "The Bride's Letter" is certain to provoke criticism, mainly because its lyrical description of a series of fucks stands in odd contrast to the bolder, more robust tone displayed throughout this collection. We feel that this xenolith casts light on the character of the whole collection by its very contrasting nature. Moreover, it is a work which, along with "The Confidential Clerk", occupies a very special place in Australia; who, as a schoolboy, has not paid his sixpence for a handwritten copy of one of these poems, or a penny to read them?

We have published this collection because the works in it are part of our world and a vital and valuable part at that. People sing them and it is absurd that they should not exist in permanent form.

Moreover this collection should be a record for the future - a future which may find the strategems associated with this publication a quaint and amusing commentary on the frustrations and illogic of the twentieth century. They are, after all, the aspect of our life today which is in greatest danger of being lost to future generations.

And while, from one point of view, these songs may be a commentary on the psychopathology of everyday, mid-century life, on the other they provide evidence of the healthy instincts of ordinary people, the bold, frontal and unconfused way in which they exorcise the nastiness by confrontin it. Echoing Burke, one might almost say that here vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness. If it is the "sickness" of much contemporary humor that troubles us, we may say that here the shades of Chaucer, Swift,

Burns, Byron, even W. S. Gilbert, Hilaire Belloc, Noel Coward, are called into the arena to testify that gustiness and honest bawdery are the allies of decency and humanity.

These songs are an affirmation of faith in people and of contempt for wowsers. It is a curious fact that so much which goes to make up Australia cannot be defined positively, but only in terms of opposition to the wowser, the eternal grey nark, born without balls, guts or gullet, slimy and sanctimonious, a figure to be pitied and pilloried.

For the wowser there is only contempt, yet there is compassion and sympathy for all other human creatures who form the cavalcade of these songs - prostitutes, poofters, perverts, men with long cocks and no cocks, animals of strange design, ladies capable of immense fucking feats and people who like their meat raw.

S. H.

S. ff.

Nihil Obstat

+

(Rev. Dr.) C. Irving Benson,
<u>Primus Wowser Melburniae.</u>

Imprimatur

+

(Most Rev. Dr.) H. R. Gough,
<u>Primus Wowser Sydneae.</u>

ERRATA

For "Fuckingham Phallis" read "Buckingham Palace" throughout.

INDEX OF TITLES

SONGS

RECITATIONS

A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S

The Editors wish to express their gratitude to the following for their assistance:

The Pornographer Royal, Windsor Castle; the Exotic Novelties Division of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce, Tokio; the Balwyn Lesbians Choir (Victoria); the Rector of Priory Hall, Dorset, England; the Officers' Mess, Duntroon, A.C.T.; the Editors of Les Lettres Francais, Paris; the Rubber Products Division, C.S.I.R.O.; Professor G. Fucks, Director of the Vienna Institute of Roentgenology and President of the Austria-USSR Friendship Society (Medical Section); the Rabelais Society, Dijon, France; the People's Keeper of the All-Union Rasputin Archive, Leningrad; Mr Ibn S'h'ain of Port Said, Egypt; Mr Jack Lindsay of Bangslapper Herts., England; the Custodian of the King Farouk Postcard Collection, Cairo; the Glasgow Burns Singers; the Procurer to the Sheikhdom of Kuwait; the Sydney Vice Squad; the Lechers' Dining Club, Detroit, Ill., U.S.A.; the Gleat Family Singers; the executo of the estate of the late Sir Harold Clapp; the Ruton Girls' Choir; Ah Sup, of the People's Institute of Folk Medicine, Peking; the Oberinstitut für das Studium der Volkspornographie, Berlin; Mr A.D. Hope; Mr James McAuley; to their friends among the clergy of all denominations too numerous to be thanked individually; and, last but no least, to their indefatigable legal advisers, Messrs. Trebilcock, Titus and Horne of Temple Court, Melbourne.

S O N G S

TIT BITS

(Tune: Abdul)

The people who count, they all went to Rue Mount,
To a party where no-one was bored;
And a sailor who came, wished to imorint his name,
In the book that is kept by the Lord.

A bit of a chit said she'd dangle her tit,
In a bucket of frothy champagne,
And Little Boy Blue could have the first chew,
'Twas really a very nice game.

Then, having been dipped, the nipple was sipped,
With gusto and later with vim,
But this boy from the sea, no sucker was he,
The grog made a beast out of him.

A perishing howl that came from her bowel,
Rolled forth from the maiden so sweet,
As this hobble-de-hoy, this frolicsome boy,
In her bobber sank thirty-two teeth.

And now as she sits, with her odd set of tits,
Bemoaning her loss and her fate,
She wishes, no doubt, with a fervor devout,
That he'd not bit her tit, but her date.

On the deck of a cruiser, far, far to the north,
A sailor lad drools at the mouth,
When he thinks of the night when he took a great bite
From the breast of a lady down south.

- - -

NO BALLS AT ALL

Now all you young maidens just listen to me,
And I'll tell you a story that'll fill you with glee,
About a young maiden so fair and so tall,
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

What! No balls at all? No balls at all?
She married a man who had no balls at all.

On the night of her wedding she went up to bed,
Expecting to lose all her fair maidenhead,
She felt for his penis and found it was small -
And then she discovered he'd no balls at all.

What! No balls at all? No balls at all?
Then she discovered he'd no balls at all.

So when in the morning she jumped out of bed,
She went to her mother -- "Dear Mother," she said,
"My troubles are great and my pleasures are small,
For I've married a man who has no balls at all."

What! No balls at all? No balls at all?
You've married a man who has no balls at all?

Said the mother: "Dear daughter, don't take it so bad,
Just do for yourself as I did for your Dad,
There are numerous parsons, quite willing to call,
And shove for the man who has no balls at all!"

What! No balls at all? No balls at all?
They'll shove for the man who has no balls at all.

The moral of this is quite easy to see,
Just keep your gas-tank as full as can be;
If your engine cuts out in the Khyber Pass,
You'd best shove your Lewis gun right up your arse.

Right up your arse, right up your arse,
You'd best shove your Lewis gun right up your arse.

- - -

ALL THE NICE GIRLS

All the nice girls like a candle,
All the nice girls like a wick,
Because there's something about a candle
That reminds them of a prick.
Nice and greasy, slips in easy,
It's the surest way to joy,
It's been up the Queen of Spain
And it's going up again,
Syph ahoy, Syph ahoy.

All the nice boys like a harlot,
All the nice boys like a whore
Because there's something about a harlot
That they've never known before.
She'll be willing, for a shilling,
And she'll pep you up, my boy,
But she'll leave you on the rocks
With a bloody good dose of pox,
Syph ahoy, Syph ahoy.

All the parsons like a choir boy,
All the parsons like a bum,
Because there's something about a choir boy,
That would make an angel come.
Roll him over, sleep in clover,
It's a curate's only joy,
And you needn't give a rap,
For you'll never catch the clap
From a boy, from a boy.

\- - -

SWEET VIOLETS

My brother went into the woodshed,
Some wood he wanted to split,
But when he grabbed hold of the handle
He found it was covered with ....

Chorus: Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over with snow.

My brother he worked in a sewer,
Some lamps they had to be lit,
One evening there was an explosion,
And my brother was covered with ....

Now Baby was eating an apple,
They thought he had swallowed a pip,
But when they examined his nappy,
They found it was covered in ....

\- - -

THE RINGADANGDOO

I once knew a girl, her name was Jean
The sweetest girl I'd ever seen.
She loved a boy, who was straight and true
Who longed to play on her Ringadangdoo.

Chorus; The Ringadangdoo, pray what is that?
It's furry and soft, like a pussy-cat;
It's got a crack down the middle,
And a hole right through,
That's what they call "the Ringadangdoo."

So she took him to her father's house,
And crept inside as quiet as a mouse,
And they shut the door and the window too
And he played all night on her Ringadangdoo.

The very next day her father said.
"You've gone and lost your maidenhead!
You can pack your bag and your suitcase too,
And bugger off with your Ringadangdoo!"

So she went to town and became a whore
And hung a red light outside her door;
And one by one and two by two
They came to play on her Ringadangdoo.

There came to that town a son of a bitch
Who had the pox and the seven-year itch.
He had gonorrhea and syphilis too --
So that was the end of her Ringadangdoo.

- - -

MARRIAGE A LA MODE

My husband's a butcher, a butcher, a butcher,
A bloody fine butcher is he;
All day long he stuffs sausages, stuffs sausages,
At night he comes home and stuffs me.

My husband's a linesman, a linesman, a linesman,
A bloody fine linesman is he;
All day long he's up lamp-posts, up lamp-posts,
And when he's at home he's up me.

My husband's a jockey . . . rides thoroughbreds.

My husband's a plumber. . . plumbs cisterns.

My husband's a stoker . . . pokes furnaces.

And so on.

THE BALLAD OF DAN HOMER

Oh, me name is Dan Homer, I'm blind as the Jews,
And I travels around with me head full av news;
They all call me Danny, an' teach me the rhymes,
And I haven't been home since the classical times.

Dinky-di, dinky-di,
And I haven't been home since the classical times.

Now all yez young ladies from Dublin to Greece,
Gather round me an' take home a warning apiece;
There's a terrible feller called Zeus-take-the-lot,
An' yez niver can tell if he's up yez or not.

Ye'll not see him come and ye'll not see him go,
He'll have the drawers off ye before y'say no,
Why, a lass may be walking as proud as a queen,
And the very next thing she's arse-up on the green.

Why, the girls that he's ruined, without by-yer-leave!
An' each time, bedad! a new trick up his sleeve -
They're none av yer mollies-come-roll-on-the-grass,
But the foine-spoken gels of the best social class.

There was Leda was takin' a bath in a brook,
When a bloody great bird paddles up for a look.
Sez she, "Where's the harm?" (never thinkin' of Zeus),
An' she went for a tickle and got the whole goose.

Now Danae's daddo's just as cunnin' as mean,
He shut her up in a brazen machine;
But, sure, 'twas no trouble for Zeus-take-the-lot -
He soon found a penny to put in the slot.

Europa was keepin' the cows from the corn,
When a fine-spoken bull came up, dippin' his horn:
"Would yez care for a roide, ma'am?" - She gets up astride -
Well, I'll give yez three guesses who had the last ride!

Now lovely Aegina backs up to the fire,
For the aise of her arse lifts her petticoats higher;
The hearth gives a heave, the fire gives a crack,
And Zeus gives her beautiful bottom a smack.

There was Io mistook him for love-in-a-mist,
Callisto and Clio, to give the whole list,
Calliope, Semele, girls by the score -
'Twould take me a week, faith, and still there'd be more.

THE BALLAD OF DAN HOMER
(Cont.)

Now all yez young ladies as walks out alone,
If a stone sez: "Good-day, ma'am!" don't sit on that stone!
If Barney's bull speaks to yez, hurry indoors!
Oh, and niver go out without two pairs of drawers.

Now here's to the peach with the big meltin' heart,
And the pretty mavourneen as thinks herself smart:
But if yez once allows him to dip in the pot,
You'll be rockin' the cradle for Zeus-take-the-lot.

If he tirls at your latch, girls, don't open at all -
He'll not wait to hang up his hat in the hall!
The run-of-the-mill boys is aisy to fix -
But a girl can't keep up with a god and his tricks.

- - -

LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE

Life presents a dismal picture,
Dark and dreary as the tomb:
Father's got urethral stricture,
Mother's got a prolapsed womb.
Uncle James has been deported
For a homosexual crime,
Nell, our maid, has just aborted
For the forty-second time.

Ours is not a happy household -
No-one laughs or ever smiles,
Mine's a dismal occupation
Crushing ice for Grandpa's piles.
Jane the under-housemaid vomits
Every morning just at eight,
To the horror of the butler,
Who's the author of her fate.

Auntie Kate has diarrhoea,
Shits ten times more than she ought -
Stands all day beside the rear,
Lest she should be taken short.
Grandpa, lurking in the woodshed,
Found a foetus in a case -
Father Pryke says it is murder -
Of sister Annie there's no trace.

Uncle Charlie has a chancre,
Caught from Uncle Henry's wife;
May's in bed with menstruation,
Auntie's at the change of life.
Mabel's husband's now in prison,
For a childish prank of mine -
Pinching things that wasn't his'n -
Women's scanties off a line.

Dad's a man who likes the bestial,
Incest is my mother's fun,
So the whole four sleep together -
Father, mother, horse and son.
Anal-oral trends disgust me,
Though pronounced in Tiny Tim,
For I much prefer fellatio -
He sucks me and I suck him.

Little Jim keeps masturbating,
Though we tell him it is sin;
Uncle Dave's the Kingsgrove slasher -
Uncle Henry dobbed him in;
Still, we must not be down-hearted,
We must not be put about,
Cousin Susie has just farted -
Turned her arsehole inside out!

- - -

THE CHANDLER'S SHOP

(Tune: Lincolnshire Poacher)

A boy went into a chandler's shop, some candle for to buy,
But when he got into the chandler's shop, no chandler did he spy.
He loudly knocked, he loudly cried, enough to wake the dead,
But all he heard was a rat-a-tat-tat right above his head.

Now he was a very inquisitive youth, so up the stairs he went,
And he was very surprised to find the chandler's wife in bed,
For she was lying upon her back with a man between her thighs,
And they were having a rat-a-tat-tat right before his eyes.

And when the deed was over, the wife she raised her head,
And she was very surprised to find the boy beside the bed.
"Now if you can keep my secret, boy, to you I will be kind,
And you can have a rat-a-tat-tat whenever you feel inclined."

- - -

THE DYING HARLOT - I

O, a strapping young harlot lay dying,
A pisspot supporting her head,
And all the young bludgers were 'round her
As she leaned on her left tit and said --
"I've been stuffed by the Dutchies and Negroes,
I've been stuffed by the Spaniard so tall,
I've been stuffed by the English and Irish,
In fact, I've been fucked by them all.
So wrap me up in foreskins and frenchies,
And bury me deep down below,
Where all those young bludgers can't catch me --
The place where all good harlots go."

THE DYING HARLOT - II

A dirty old harlot lay dying,
A piss-pot supporting her head;
All around her the bludgers were crying
As she leant on her left tit and said:

"I've been fucked by the French and the English,
The Germans, the Japs and the Jews,
And now I've come back to Australia
To be buggered by bastards like youse.
So haul back your filthy old foreskins
And give me the pride of your nuts!"
So they hauled back their filthy old foreskins
And played Home Sweet Home on her guts.

THE DYING HARLOT - III

The dirty old harlot lay dying,
A cunt-rag supported her head,
The blowflies around her were buzzing
As she turned on her left tit and said:

"I've been fucked by the army and navy,
By a bull-fighting toreador,
By Abos and dingoes and dagos,
But never by blowflies before."

\- - -

CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS

(Tune: "John Peel")

The donkey on the common is a very solitary moke,
And it's very, very seldom that he ever gets a poke,
But when he does, he lets it soak...
And he revels in the joys of copulation.

Chorus: Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Some with syphilis, some with piles,
But they all have their arseholes wreathed in smiles
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

The Australian lady emu, when she wants to find a mate,
Wanders round the desert with a feather up her date,
You should see that feather when she meets her destined fate...
As she revels in the joys of copulation.

The poor domestic doggie, on the chain all day,
Never gets a chance to let himself go gay,
So he licks at his dick in a frantic way
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The labors of the poofter find but little favor here,
But the morally leprous bastard has a peaceful sleep, I fear,
As he dreams he rips a red 'un up some dirty urchin's rear,
And he revels in the joys of sopulation.

The poor old Creeping Jesus, of his morals there's no doubt,
He walks around St Kilda with his doodle hanging out,
And when he sees a wench it up and hits him in the snout,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty song,
He had a pond'rous penis, fully forty cubits long,
You should hear his high crescendo when his mate is on the prong,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The owls in the trees, and the cats on the tiles,
One fucks in solitude, the other fucks in files,
You can hear delighted howls and shrieks for miles,
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

The poor old elephant, so it seems,
Is seldom troubled with any wet dreams,
But when he does, it comes in streams,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The whale is a mammal, as everybody knows,
He takes two days to have a shag, but when he's in the throes,
He doesn't stop to take it out, he piddles thro' the nose,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Continued.

CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS
(Cont.)

The lady by the seaside was feeling very blue.
She saw the children at it and she thought it wouldn't do,
So she bought three bananas, and she ate the other two,
As she revelled in the joys of copulation.

In Egypt's sunny clime the crocodile
Gets a flip only once in a while,
But when he does, it floods the Nile,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The old wild boar in the mud all day,
Thinks of the sows that are far, far away,
And the corkscrew motion of half a day,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The poor rhinocerous, so it appears,
Never gets a grind in a thousand years,
But when he does, he makes up for arrears,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The poor old desert camel has no water for a week,
And as he doesn't drink, the poor bugger cannot leak,
So he has to hold his water, so to speak
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Little Mary Johnson will be seven next July,
She's never had a naughty but she thought she'd like to try,
So she took her daddy's walking stick and did it on the sly,
As she revelled in the joys of copulation.

The dirty little bed-bug has his moral torn to bits,
When he sees a husband playing with his wife's rosy tits,
So he searches out and fornicates a thousand million nits,
And he revels in the joys of copulation.

When you wake up in the morning with thoughts of sexual joy,
And your wife has got the monthlies, and your daughter says she' co
Just rip it up the rectum of your eldest boy,
And you'll revel in the joys of copulation.

If you wake up in the morning with a devil of a stand,
And a funny sort of feeling in your seminary gland,
And you haven't got a woman, just lie back and use your hand,
And you'll revel in the joys of copulation.

\- - -

THE TINKER

A lady was a-dressing, a-dressing for a ball,
When she espied a tinker pissing up against a wall.

Chorus: With his bloody great kidney wiper
And his balls dangling free,
And half a yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knee.

The lady wrote a letter and in it she did say:
"I'd rather have a tinker than my husband any day."

The tinker got the letter and when it he did read,
His balls began to fester and his prick began to bleed.

He mounted on his charger, he rode up to the Strand,
His balls across his shoulder and his penis in his hand.

He rode up to the Mansion, he rode up to the Hall,
"God save us!" cried the butler, "He's come to fuck us all!"

He fucked the cook in the kitchen, he fucked the maid in the hall,
And then he fucked the butler -- the dirtiest trick of all.

And then he fucked the mistress, in ten minutes she was dead,
With half a yard of foreskin hanging round about her head.

The tinker now is dead, Sir, they say he's gone to Hell,
And there he fucks the Devil, and I bet he fucks him well.

\- - -

JEAN BAPTISTE

"O Jean Baptiste pourquoi?
O Jean Baptiste pourquoi?
O Jean Baptiste why do you grease
Your little dog's arse with tar?"
Ha-ha, he-he, hi-hi, ho-ho.

"Because he has diarrhoea,
Because he has diarrhoea
Zis leetle dog he caught ze wog
In Mesopotamia."
Ha-ha, he-he, hi-hi, ho-ho.

"Continuez, Jean Baptiste,
Continuez, Jean Baptiste,"
So Jean Baptiste continued to grease
His little dog's arse with tar.
Ha-ha, he-he, hi-hi, ho-ho.

\- - -

MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK

My grandfather's cock was too long for his pants,
And it dragged several feet on the floor,
It was longer be half than the old man himself,
And it weighed nigh a hundredweight more.

He'd a horn on the morn of the day that he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

Chorus. Ninety years without cracking it,
What a cock! What a cock!
He spent his life whacking it,
What a cock! What a cock!
But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

My grandfather's cock was too long for his strides,
So he lent it to the woman next door,
She grabbed it by the point, and pulled it out of joint,
So he swore he'd never lend it any more.

He'd a horn on the morn of the day that he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

- - -

A SOLDIER TOLD ME

A soldier told me before he died,
I don't know whether the bastard lied,
No matter how hard he tried,
His wife was never satisfied.

So he fashioned a tool of ten inch steel,
Driven by a crank and a bloody great wheel,
Two brass balls he filled with cream,
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went that bloody great wheel,
In and out went that tool of steel,
Till his wife with rapture cried
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

But this was the case of the biter bit,
There was no way of stopping it,
Her cunt right to her arsehole split,
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit.

- - -

ANTHONY CLAIRE

There was a man called Anthony Claire
And he was famous everywhere;
Famous on all the music halls
As The Man Who Could Play With His Balls.

Chorus: For they were large balls, large balls,
Balls as heavy as lead;
With a circular twist of his muscular wrist,
He could toss them right over his head.
Tiddley-om-pom-pom.
Tiddley-om-pom-pom.

Now once there was a maiden sweet
And she came strolling down the street,
She thought it would be such a treat
To see a man play with his balls.

As he was swinging them round and round,
One came off with a frightful bound,
Right in the eye of her faithful hound
Who was watching him play with his balls.

A policeman, who was passing by,
Heard the maiden cry "Ai! Ai!
My poor hound's been hit in the eye
By a man who plays with his balls."

He was hauled before a magistrate,
Who placed him in a cellar strait,
And left him there to contemplate
His pair of marvellous balls.

His case was heard without delay --
In fact it was heard the very next day,
And the magistrate was heard to say,
"Why shouldn't he play with his balls?"

Now Anthony Claire has gone to rest;
As a swinger of balls he was the best --
Swinging them round with a zeal and a zest,
As he played with his marvellous balls.

\- - -

HEIGH HO SAYS ROWLEY

A is for arsehole, all covered in shit,
Heigh-ho says Rowley
B is the bugger who revels in it
With a Roley-poley, up 'em and stuff 'em,
Heigh-ho says Anthony Rowley.

C is for cunt all slimy with piss,
D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss.

E is for eunuch with only one ball,
F is for friar with no balls at all.

G is for gonorrhea, gout and gleat,
H is the harlot who's always on heat.

I for injection for clap, pox and itch,
J is the jerk of the son of a bitch.

K is the knight who went to the war,
L is the lousy old pox-ridden whore.

M is the maiden all tattered and torn,
N is the noble who died with a horn.

O is the orifice cunningly concealed,
P is the penis which stands ready peeled.

Q is the Quaker who shat in his hat,
R is the rajah who buggered his cat.

S is the shit-can all full to the brim,
T is the turd which is floating therein.

U is the usher who sat on a stool,
V is the virgin who played with his tool.

W is the whore who thought fucking a farce,
And X, Y and Z you can shove up your arse.

\- - -

LOVERS ALPHABET

(Chorus as for previous song)

A is the awful word he uses,
B is the blush as she gently refuses.

C is the creep of his hand up her leg,
D is the "don't" as for mercy she begs.

Continued.

LOVERS ALPHABET
(Continued)

E is the ease with which it gets higher,
F is the feeling of love and desire.

G is the gasp as he touches the spot,
H is the heat of his hand on her twot.

I is the itch that causes her giggle,
J is the jump as he makes her bum wriggle.

K is the kiss that she now awards him,
L is the love that she feels towards him.

M is the move made towards the bed.
N is the neat way her legs outspread.

O is the opening now revealed,
P is the penis already peeled.

Q is the queerness she feels now it's in,
R is the rubbing both now begin.

S is the strokes getting stronger and stronger,
T is the throbbing she wants to last longer.

U is the urine he cannot miss,
V is the vagina dying to piss.

W is the wanting to do it again,
X is the ecstasy, pleasure and pain.

Y is the yearning that makes her feel sick,
Z is the Zambuc he puts on his prick.

\- - -

BOB MENZIES' BALLS

The balls of Bob Menzies
Are wrinkled and crinkled,
Curvaceous and spacious
As the dome of Saint Pauls.
The crowds they all muster
To gaze at that cluster;
They stand and they stare
At that wondrous pair
Of Bob Menzies' balls, balls, balls, balls,
Bob Menzies' balls.

\- - The People.

THREE FARMERS' DAUGHTERS

There were three farmers' daughters and they were dressed in blue
They went down to the river some rushes for to pu',
And there one found a wee thing to dandle on her knee,
So she calmly rolled it in below her apron.

The first man that she met was her father on the stair,
"Oh daughter, dearest daughter, what have ye gotten there?"
"Oh I have got a wee thing to dandle on my knee,"
And she clamly rolled it in below her apron.

Oh is it to the ploughboy who plows on yonder toon?
Or is it to the weaver lad or to the tinker's loon?
Or is it the sailor who sails the ocean free?
And she calmly rolled it in below her apron.

Oh it's not to the ploughboy who plows on yonder toon,
And it's not to the weaver lad or to the tinker's loon,
But it is to the sailor lad who sails the ocean free,
And she calmly rolled it in below her apron.

Now all you farmer's daughters a warning take by me,
And never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee,
Or he will hoist his banner there and let his jib run free --
And he'll come to anchor in below your apron.

\- - -

THE TWELVE LAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love sent to me - -

Twelve hairy harlots
Eleven lecherous lesbians
Ten tired trollops
Nine naughty nuns
Eight useless eunuchs
Seven sex-starved sisters
Six convicted vicars
Five choir boys
Four Windmill girls
Three boy scouts
Two virgin queens
And a pervert in a pantry.

\- - -

THE BALL AT KIRRIEMUIR

The ball, the ball, the ball, the ball, the ball at Kirriemuir -
Where four-and-twenty prostitutes came dancing through the door
Singing: "Who'll do it this time, and who'll do it nu?
The man who did it last time he canna do it nu."

And when the ball it started, they al began to jig,
Before a half an hour had passed, they all began to frig
Singing. . .

First lady forward, second lady back,
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack,
Singing . . .

Fifth lady cartsey, sixth lady pass,
Seventh lady's finger up the eighth lady's arse,
Singing. . .

With balls to your partner, and bums against the wall,
If ye canna get fooked on Saturday night, ye canna get fooked at all,
Singing. . .

Sarah McGregor she was there, she had the crowd in fits,
By diving off the mantlepiece and bouncing off her tits,
Singing. . .

The minister, yes, he was there, he wasna' feeling weel,
He couldna' hold his water in the middle of the reel,
Singing. . .

The parson's daughter she was there, the saucy little runt,
With poison-ivy round her arse, and thistles up her cunt,
Singing. . .

There was fooking in the highways and fooking in the lanes,
Ye couldna' hear the music for the rattlin' of the stanes,
Singing. . .

The chimney-sweep, now he was there, they had to chuck him oot,
For every time he broke his wind, the room was filled with soot,
Singing. . .

The doctor's daughter she was there, she went to gather sticks,
She couldna' find a blade of grass for balls and standing pricks,
Singing. . .

And Tom McNab the farmer, he wept and swore and spat,
For forty acres of his corn was fairly fooked quite flat,
Singing. . .

Continued.

THE BALL AT KIRRIEMUIR
(Continued)

There was fooking in the hallways, and fooking on the stairs,
Ye couldna' see the carpets for the cunts and curly hairs,
Singing. . .

And Neil, the farmer, he was there - it was a bloody shame,
He fooked a lady forty times, but wouldna take her hame,
Singing. . .

There was fooking in the haystacks and fooking in the ricks,
Ye couldna hear the bagpipes for the swishing of the pricks,
Singing. . .

And when the ball was over, they all went home to rest,
They's all enjoyed the dancing, but the fooking was the best,
Singing. . .

\- - -

O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER

As I stood by O'Reilly's fire,
Sipping away at rum and water,
Suddenly a thought came to my mind,
I'd like to ride O'Reilly's daughter.

Chorus: Diddy-i-ay, diddy-i-ay,
Diddy-i-ay for the one eyed Reilly,
Dom, dom, dom, balls and all,
Zig-a-zig-a-zig, tres bon!

I lay the damsel on the bed,
Threw my left leg gently over,
Never a word did the damsel say,
But she laughed like Hell till the fuck was over.

I heard two footsteps on the stairs,
Who should it be but her bloody old father,
With a pistol in his hand.
Looking for the man who was up his daughter.

I grabbed the bastard by his hair,
And rammed him in a pail of water,
Shoved those pistols up his arse,
A bloody sight faster than I fucked his daughter.

\- - -

THE CANBERRA BLUES

Let's sing a song of Canberra, the nation's capital;
It's a very pretty city, but it's got no heart at all.

Chorus: You get those bad Canberra blues,
Get in the booze;
You get those awful Canberra blues.

We drink a lot of beer here, we've got a lot of friends,
It's like being at a party, but the party never ends.

You get. .etc.

I came to this fair city, looking round for work,
That was twenty years ago today - I'm still a base grade clerk.

I've got. .etc.

Go east or west in this fair city, of one thing you may be sure,
You'll see the same damn faces that you saw the day before.

You'll get. . etc.

You're broke and go into a bar, no matter when or where- -
All the mates that you've bought drinks for will be somewhere else, not there.

You'll get. . etc.

Some people say they'll never stay, it's driving them insane,
They get right out of Canberra by the quickest 'plane or train.

They leave. . etc.

But here's a little mystery I'd like you to explain,
Those folks who run away from here, they all come back again.

Back to those bad Canberra blues,
Back to the booze,
Back to those governmental, bureaucratic,
University, academic,
Matrimonial, very adulterous,
Always alcoholic blues.

\- - -

A TENDER MEMORY

I dreamt that I tickled my grandfather's balls,
With a little sweet oil and a feather,
And the thing that amused the old gent most of all,
Was the way they went (click-clock) together.

The effect of this phrase is best obtained by the gentle bringing together of two empty beer or similar bottles.

POOR LITTLE ANGELINE

She was sweet sixteen and the village queen,
Pure and innocent was Angeline
Never had a thrill, and a virgin still,
POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!

Now the village squire had a low desire,
He was the dirtiest bastard in the shire,
And he'd set his heart on the vital part of
POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!

At the village fair, the squire was there,
Masturbating in the middle of the square,
When he chanced to see the dainty knee of
POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!

She raised her skirt to avoide the dirt,
As she tripped between the puddles of the Squire's last squirt,
And his knob grew raw at the sight he saw of
POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!

So he raised his hat and said "Your cat
Has been run over and is squashed quite flat,
But my car is in the square and I'll take you there,
DEAR LITTLE ANGELINE!"

Now the dirty turd should have got the bird,
Instead she followed him without a word,
And as they drove away, you could hear the people say,
"POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!"

They had not gone far when he stopped the car,
And took her over to the local bar,
Where he filled her with gin, just to tempt her to sin,
POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!

When he'd oiled her well, he took her to a dell,
And decided to give her bloody fucking hell,
And try his luck at a lay-down fuck, on
POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!

With a cry of "Rape," he raised his cape,
Poor little Angeline had no escape,
Now it's time someone came, to save the name of
POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!

Now the story is told of a blacksmith bold,
Who'd loved little Angeline for years untold,
He was handsome too, and had promised to be true to
POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!

Continued.

POOR LITTLE ANGELINE
(Continued)

But sad to say, that very same day,
The blacksmith had been put in gaol to stay
For coming in his pants, at the local dance, with
POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!

Now the prison cell overlooked the dell,
Where the squire was giving her bloody fucking hell,
And as she lay on the grass, he recognised the arse of
POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!

So he gave a start and a mighty fart,
Which blew the prison bars wide apart,
And he ran like shit lest the squire should split
POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!

When he got to the spot he saw her twot,
And tied the villain's penis in a knot,
And as he lay on his guts he was kicked in the nuts by
POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!

"Oh Blacksmith I love you, I love you, I do,
And I see by your trousers that you love me too,
Here I am undressed so come and do the rest," said
POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!

Now it won't take long to finish this song,
For the blacksmith's tool was over one foot long,
And his phallic charm was as brawny as his arm,
HAPPY LITTLE ANGELINE!

\- - -

FRAGMENT I

Oh I would like a baby by you,
Oh I would like a baby by you.
You're so handsome and strong
It wouldn't take long,
Oh I would like a baby by you.

I've had lots of babies before,
I'm only a broken down whore,
But I do like your face --
I could stand the disgrace --
Oh I would like a baby by you.

\- - -

THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM

In ancient times there lived a maid,
Who carried on a roaring trade,
A prostitute of low repute -
The harlot of Jerusalem.

Hi hi cafoozelum, cafoozelum, cafoozelum,
Hi hi cafoozelem, the harlot of Jerusalem.

One day there came a bugger tall,
Who with his cock could shift a wall,
And he had been through nearly all
The harlots of Jerusalem.

He walked in through the brothel door,
He laid her on the earthen floor,
And had his fill of that old whore,
The same as all Jerusalem.

He took her to a shady nook,
And from his pants he gently took
A penis like a butcher's hook
For the harlot of Jerusalem.

He whopped it up between her thighs,
It damned near reached up to her eyes,
And all she gave was a couple of sighs -
The harlot of Jerusalem.

One day there chanced to heave in sight
A Jebusite, a bloody shite,
Who shagged her there with all his might
That harlot of Jerusalem.

He led her to a pleasant spot,
And there, right in her shiny twot,
He spilt his slimy, oily lot,
The best in all Jerusalem.

The harlot only took one look,
She seized him by his mighty crook,
And slung him into Jordan's brook,
That flows around Jerusalem.

The floors, the falls, the castle walls,
Were all festooned with the balls,
And tools of fools who tried to ride
The harlot of Jerusalem.

- - -

CRAVEN A

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

Now gather round you fellows and if you'll be still
I'll tell you of a bastard born at Bellevue Hill,
Born at Bellevue Hill, but raised in Camberwell,
And the first three words he spoke were "Bloody fucking Hell!"

Chorus: Craven A, never heard of fornication,
Craven A, never had wet dreams,
Craven A, quite content with masturbation,
Fooling with his foreskin in the school latrines.

When he went to Geelong Grammar there was much ado,
He buggered all the prefects and the masters too,
He was rusticated, so the records say,
For tossing off the Duke of York on Founder's Day.

His arrival at the Varsity was quite grotesque,
He went and laid his penis on his tutor's desk
Said his tutor "If it lies there in its normal state
Let me know so I can use it as a paper weight!"

Said his tutor -- "There is one thing that I must impress
You must never masturbate in academic dress."
But Craven, just to show he didn't care a fuck,
Tossed off into the inkwell, crying "One for luck!"

Now Milly, his landlady's daughter, small and wee,
Brought up her cunt each morning with his cup of tea,
She'd been up the stick so often that the courts declare
Her vagina constitutes a legal thoroughfare.

Now Susie was a prostitute from Melbourne Town,
She gamarouched a Proctor in his cap and gown,
The Proctor wrote to Craven saying "Pack your things,
The shooting season opens on the twelfth at King's."

When Craven joined the army, he was much admired,
Although he shot his gun each night, he never tired,
They took up a collection for this famous bloke,
Who'd deftly change his hand and never lose a stroke.

- - -

A MORE VULGAR MIND

She was only a fishmonger's daughter,
A fishmonger's daughter was she;
She had most urinary water,
A more vulgar mind would say pee.

Continued.

A MORE VULGAR MIND
(Continued)

She dined with a fellow immaculate
Who'd only been trained on the bum;
She taught that young man to ejaculate,
A more vulgar mind would say 'come.'

One night she had union with three men,
One night as she lay on her bunk;
The sheets were all covered with semen,
A more vulgar mind would say spunk.

And when her great charms did at last abate,
Her lovers she felt not the loss of,
She taught her young bastards to masturbate,
A more vulgar mind would say toss off.

At last 'twas a banana did end her,
When her old age she tried to console
By shoving it up her pudenda,
A more vulgar mind would say hole.

\- - -

THE NIGHTWATCHMAN BLINDED BY SHIT

(Tune: "Villikens")

Down in old London a harlot did dwell,
The dirty old bitch, I knew her so well;
One summer evening these things came to pass,
She opened the window and shoved out her arse.

Chorus: Dinkie-die, dinkie-die, she opened the
window and shoved out her arse.

Now a poor old nightwatchman was just passing by,
And the poor old nightwatchman was eating a pie.
The poor old nightwatchman looked up to the sky,
And a steaming hot turd hit him fair in the eye.

Chorus: Dinkie-die, dinkie-die, a steaming hot turd
hit him fair in the eye.

The poor old nightwatchman was blinded for life
With twenty-four kids and a prostitute wife;
Down at the corner, you can still see him sit --
"Spare a coin sir, spare a coin sir, for I'm blinded by shit.

Chorus: Dinkie-die, dinkie-die, spare a coin sir,
spare a coin sir, for I'm blinded by shit.

\- - -

THE WILD COLONIAL DON

(Air: The Airy Bachelor)

Come all you men of learning and a warning take by me,
I would have you quit night-lecturing, and shun philosophy;
And if ever those sweet little student girls come knocking
at your door,
E'er it's too late, think on the fate of poor young Sydney Orr.

He was born and bred in Belfast town and there took his degree,
But soon he left old Ireland's shores to sail the stormy sea;
Transported to Van Diemen's land, like many good men before,
He made his name and soon became Professor Sydney Orr.

In Hoba rt town this daring youth commenced his wild career,
In the cause of justice, light and truth no foeman did he fear;
He bailed up Sir John Morris and he made the Council roar,
"For liberty I'll live and die!" quoth bold young Sydney Orr.

Young Sydney won his battle: the craven Council fled,
But the hard-won spoils of battle are often lost in bed.
Like brave Parnell and Samson whose locks Delilah shore --
A woman was the downfall of poor young Sydney Orr.

There's a moral to my story of this wild colonial don:
Don't irritate the bourgeoisie or you'll be sat upon,
Keep your opinions to yourself, stay well within the law --
And never trust a woman, boys: think of Syd Fitzwindsor Orr.

\- - -

THE FIVE OLD LADIES

Oh dear, what can the matter be
Five old ladies locked in the lavatory,
They were there from Monday till Saturday
Nobody knew they were there.

They were due to have tea with the Vicar
They wentoin together, they thought it was quicker,
They didn't know the lock was a sticker,
So the Vicar had tea by himself.

The first one's name was Elizabeth Fryer,
She wasn't good looking but she was a tryer,
The level of water rose higher and higher
Until it flowed over the pan.

The second one's name was Elizabeth Porter,
And she was the Bishop of Worthington's daughter,
She went in because she was troubled with water
From drinking a bottle of gin.

Continued.

THE FIVE OLD LADIES
(Continued)

The third one's name was Elizabeth Proctor,
And she was the daughter of a North England doctor,
As she went in the boys used to clock her
To see how long she would run.

The fourth one's name was Elizabeth Bender,
And she had trouble with her suspender,
It got tangled up with her feminine gender,
A most agonising affair.

The fifth one's name was Elizabeth Humphrey,
She sat down and made herself comfy,
Then she had trouble getting her bum free,
And she's probably still in there.

Oh dear what can the matter be,
Five old ladies locked in a lavatory,
They were there from Monday to Saturday
Nobody knew they were there.

\- - -

FASCINATING BITCH

I wish I were a fascinating bitch,
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich.
I'd live in a house with a little red light,
I'd sleep all day and I'd work all night.
And once a month I'd take a holiday -
Just to drive my customers wild.
I wish I were a fascinating itch,
Instead of an illegitimate child.

\- - -

SOME

Some die of diabetes,
And some of diarrhoea,
Some die of drinking whisky,
And some of drinking beer.
But of all the dread diseases,
The one that I most fear
Is the drip, drip, drip,
From the end of the tip,
With the British gonorrhoea.

\- - -

ABDUL A-BULBUL EMIR

Now the harems of Egypt are fair to behold
And the ladies the fairest of fair,
But the fairest, a Greek, she was owned by a sheik,
One Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

A travelling brothel was brought to the town,
By a Russian who came from afar,
And he issued a challenge to all who could shag,
Did Ivan Skivinsky Skivar.

Now Abdul did ride, with some snatch by his side,
His face was all flushed with desire,
And he wagered a thousand that he could out-shag
Count Ivan Skivinsky Skivar.

The spectacle great was arranged for a date
When a visit was made by the Czar,
The streets were all lined with the harlots entwined
With Ivan Skivinsky Skivar.

They met on the track, with their tools hanging slack,
The starter's gun punctured the air,
Both were quick on the rise, but all gasped at the size
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

The twots were all shorn, and no frenchies were worn,
And Abdul's bum revved like a car,
But he hadn't a hope 'gainst the long even stroke
Of Ivan Skivinsky Skivar.

Now Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun,
He bent down to polish his pair,
When he felt something shoot up his old brown cheroot,
'Twas Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

The harlots turned green, and the men shouted "Queen,"
They were ordered apart by the Czar,
But fast they were stuck, it was rotten bad luck
For Ivan Skivinsky Skivar.

But the cream of the joke, when apart they were broke,
'Twas laughed at for years by the Czar,
For Abdul, the fool, he had buggered his tool
On the ring of Skivinaky Skivar.

Among Muscovite maidens Count Ivan ranks high,
The best ram 'neath the pale polar star,
For he'd outshagged that beast, the pride of the East,
Had Ivan Skivinsky Skivar.

\- - -

ALICE BLUE GOWN

In my sweet little Alice blue gown,
'Twas the first time I ever was browned,
I was tactful and shy, when he opened his fly,
When I saw what he had, God, I thought I would die!
When he said to me "Please turn around,"
And he shoved that big thing up my brown,
Though he ripped it and tore it, I'll always adore it,
The first time I ever was browned.

\- - -

MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY

Jesus Christ:
If I weren't J. Christ
I'd feel enticed
To make some good woman a baddie,
I simply adore
A crack at a whore,
But my heart belongs to Daddy.

Mary Magdalene:
You're Hominum Rex
But you've got sex
Just like any ordinary laddie;
Stick Kingdom Come
Right up your bum

Jesus Christ:
Ah, no! My heart belongs to Daddy.

Mary Magdalene:
Well, if your heart belongs to Daddy,
Then tell Daddy to get stuffed as well.

Jesus Christ:
Oh I couldn't do that to my Daddy,
Though I'd like to, I'd like to -- oh Hell!
You see, my Daddy's so old fashioned,
He just wouldn't understand,
So when I feel impassioned
I got to keep using my hand!

From "The First Boke of Fowle Ayres," Sydney, 1944.

LILIAN

Lil was a girl, she was a beauty,
She lived in a house of ill repute,
She drank deep of the demon rum,
And she smoked hashish and opium.

Chorus: De boom boom, de boom boom, de boom boom boom.

She was young and she was fair,
She had masses of golden hair.
Folks they came for miles to see,
Lilian in her deshabille.

Day by day that girl grew thinner,
From insufficient protein in her,
Until at last the day came when
She had to cover up her abdomen.

She took sunbakes in the sun,
She took Scott's emulsion;
She took liver, she took yeast --
But still her clientele decreased.

She consulted her physician,
Who prescribed for her condition.
She had, as the doctors say,
Pernic-i-ous anaem-i-a.

As she lay in her dishonour,
And felt the hand of death upon her,
She said "Man, my soul repents,
But that'll cost you fifty cents."

This is the story of a girl called Lilian,
She was one girl in a million;
And the moral is, for all your sins,
Whatever your line of business, fitness wins.

\- - -

FRAGMENT II

From the whores of Montezuma,
To the cunt-struck Japanese,
We have left our trail of prostitutes
And venereal disease.
Admiration of a nation,
We're the foulest ever seen,
From the private to the colonel
Every man's a fucking queen.

\- - -

PULL ME DUNGAREES DOWN

Pull me dungarees down, sport,
Pull me dungarees down -
I'm that sort of a gal, pal,
So pull me dungarees down.

Go back and wait your turn, Ern,
Go back and wait your turn;
You've got a lot to learn, Ern,
So get back and wait your turn.

Put away that prick, Mick,
Put away that prick;
The sight of it makes me sick, Mick,
So put away that prick.

Well, I'll have to say hooroo, Blue,
I'll have to say hooroo;
You've already had two, Blue,
So I'll have to say hooroo.

You've gone and given me the jack, Mac,
You've gone and given me the jack;
So I'll just give it back, Mac,
You've gone and given me the jack.

Come this way for a thrill, Bill,
Come this way for a thrill;
If you don't come then I will, Bill,
So come this way for a thrill.

Oh, fuck me till I'm red, Ted,
Fuck me till I'm red;
On the floor or in the bed, Ted,
Just fuck me till I'm red.

Let's have one on the grass, Darce,
Let's have one on the grass;
You can whop it up my arse, Darce,
Let's have one on the grass.

Well, when I turn it on, Don,
I really turn it on;
Come away from Ron, Don!
'Cos now I'm turning it on.

Come and see me again, Ben,
Come and see me again;
But remember to say when, Ben,
Come and see me again.

Continued

For God's sake do up your fly, Guy!
For God's sake do up your fly!
Do you wanna wait till it's dry, Guy?
For God's sake do up your fly!

Well, you sure took more than you gave, Dave,
You sure took more than you gave;
Do you think that I'm your slave, Dave?
You sure took more than you gave.

Why are you all smiles, Giles?
Why are you all smiles?
Just got rid of your piles, Giles?
No wonder you're all smiles!

For Christ's sake go away, Ray,
For Christ's sake go away;
It's the end of the month today, Ray,
So for Christ's sake go away.

You know I can't say no, Joe,
You know I can't say no;
So stick it in and blow, Joe,
You know I can't say no.

\- - -

REGULARITY

Uncle George and Auntie Mabel
Fainted at the breakfast table -
Which goes to show the danger real
Of having one before a meal.

But Aktavite has put that right
And now they do it morn and night,
And Auntie hopes to (very soon)
Have one in the afternoon.

\- - -

RAILWAY BLUES

(Tune: Humoresque)

Passengers will please refrain
From using toilets while the train
Is standing at the station for a while -
We believe in constipation
While the train is at the station -
Passengers, please hold it for a while!

Bladders extended,
Bowels torn and rended,
Will keep our stations nice and free from sickly smell.

Kidneys all aching,
Shit already caking,
Must be borne or stations will become a living hell.

Though it dribbles down your legs, you must resist temptations;
Though it stains your underpants, remember - Not At Stations!

Though your clothing starts to smell,
Hear the plaintive pleading,
You must not think about relief,
Although your piles be bleeding.
Passengers will please refrain
From using toilets while the train
Is standing at the station for a while.

- - -

THE FINEST FAMILY

(Tune: The Road to the Isles)

If ye're ever doon in London and ye hae na place to gae,
An ye canna find a spot to sit ye doon,
For a penny on deposit
Ye can hire a water-closet,
And a season-ticket costs but half-a-crown.
There's a gantleman's convenience on the corner of Waterloo,
And a ladies' one a little further doon -
If ye've got an aching in your heart
We need a penny for a fart -
We own every public lavatory in town.

(continued)

THE FINEST FAMILY

(Continued)

D'ye ken me sister Tilly, she's a whore in Piccadilly,
And me mither runs a brothel in the Strand,
And me father hawks his arsehole
Roond the walls of Windsor Castle -
We've the finest fookin' family in the land!
At the slightest provocation we indulge in masturbation,
We all are ardent followers of Freud!
For the price of copulation
Is the risk of population,
And dependents are a thing we must avoid.

\- - -

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
Wednesday was success - I lifted up her dress,
Thursday she showed me her blimey, slimey!
Friday, I put my hand upon it,
Saturday she gave my balls a twitch,
But it was Sunday after supper,
That I rammed the damned thing up her -
Now she wants it seven days a week!

I don't want to join the army,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang round Piccadilly on the ground,
Living off the earnings of a high-born Limey;
I don't want to take it up the arsehole,
Don't want me ballocks shot away;
You can take me bloomin' mother,
Me sister or me brother,
But for God's sake don't take me!

\- - -

FATHER O'FLYNN

O Father O'Flynn had the pox and the gleat,
From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet.
Great globules of mercury hung from his chin -
"Christ Jesus, I'm rotten," said Father O'Flynn.

\- - -

BRIAN BORU

(Tune: "Mush mush" or "Men of the West".)

I was up to my whiskers in mud, sir,
A-doing my bit in the bog,
When my spade it struck something quite hard, sir,
Like a bit of a stone on a log.

'Twas a chest of the finest bog-oak, sir -
And, wondering what it might hide,
I just said, "Well, bugger the fairies!
I'll ta e, sir, a wee peep inside."

And now, sir, you'll hardly believe me,
But what I will tell you is true:
'Twas an ancient Irish french letter,
A relic of Brian Boru.

'Twas an ancient old Irish french letter,
Made of elk-hide and full a foot long,
With a little gold tab on the end, sir,
With his name and his stud-fee thereon.

So I turned by my mind o'er the ages,
To the days of that hoary old Celt,
And I saw Gramurel on the bed, sir,
And Brian Boru in his pelt.

I distinctly heard Brian declaring:
"Now, my dear, we must get this thing right,
You had it your own way last night, dear,
It's the hairy side outside tonight!"

\- - -

SIR JASPER

Oh Sir Jasper, do not touch me -
Oh Sir Jasper, do not touch -
Oh Sir Jasper, do not -
Oh Sir Jasper, do -
Oh Sir Jasper -
Oh Sir -
Oh -

\- - -

THE KINGS CROSS HARLOTS' BALL

(Tune: Darktown Strutters' Ball)

Well I fucked in Cuba and I fucked in Spain,
And I fucked all over the Spanish Main,
But the best fuck of them all,
Was when I fucked my mother-in-law,
Last Saturday night at the Kings Cross harlots' ball.

- Without her pants on!

Well, they lined a hundred shielas up against the wall,
And I bet five quid I could fuck them all,
But, when I got to ninety-eight,
I thought my poor old prick would break.
So I went down town and had some oyster stew,
And then came back and did the other two.
And now I'm feeling fine,
Got fuckin' right off my mind,
The other night at the Kings Cross harlots' ball.

And then I went on down to hell,
'Cos me and Nick we get on well;
I asked him for a glass of water -
When he went out I fucked his daughter.
When he came back with the glass,
I shoved that thing right up his arse,
And if you think that was a joke,
You should have heard my penis croak,
Last Saturday night at the Kings Cross harlots' ball.

- - -

ON TOP OF OLD SOPHIE

On top of old Sophie, all covered in sweat,
I've used fourteen rubbers, and she hasn't come yet.

For fucking's a pleasure, and farting's relief,
But a long-winded lover will bring nothing but grief.

She'll kiss you and hug you, say it won't take long,
But two long hours later you're still going strong.

So come all you lovers, and listen to me,
Don't waste your erection on a long-winded she.

For your root will just wither, and your passion will die,
And she will forsake you, and you'll never know why.

- - -

ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

Oh this is number one, and the fun has just begun,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Oh this is number two, they'll be more before we're through,

Oh this is number three, and we'll keep it up till tea...

Oh this is number four, and I've got her on the floor...

Oh this is number five, and I feel more dead than alive...

Oh this is number six, and we're doing it just for kicks...

Oh this is number seven, and we're on the way to heaven...

Oh this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate...

Oh this is number nine, and the baby's doing fine...

Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, turn me round and do it again.

- - -

A DANGEROUS PLACE

'Twas just across the border,
On the banks of the Kangaroo,
My uncle owned a brothel,
And a fucking beauty too.

Resting her head in a spunk-filled bed,
Was Nellie, sucking a roarer,
While on the floor, jacked up a whore,
Was my uncle, Dan McGraw.

Suddenly,
The lights went out!
A shot rang out!
A woman screamed!
Plop!
Her guts fell out.
I got out.
What a cunt of a place that was.

- - -

DOWN TO HER KNEES

(Tune: The Ash Grove)

My sister Elizabeth has gonorrhoea and syphilis,
And the hairs on her dinky-dido hang down to her knees:

> One black one, one white one,
> And some with some shite on,
> And the hairs on her dinky-dido,
> Hang down to her knees.

I've stroked 'em, I've poked 'em,
I've even rolled 'em up and smoked 'em,
And the hairs...

She lives on a mountain,
And pisses like a bloody fountain,
And the ahirs...

She went to the varsity,
And there she lost her bleedin' charstity,
And the hairs...

I know them, I've seen them,
I've been right up and in between them,
And the hairs...

\- - -

VINCENT VAN GOGH

(Tune: Down in the Valley)

Well, down in Arles, boys, Vincent and I -
It's pointed upwards, towards the sky,
Well it's pointed upwards, towards the sky.

Feeling quite randy, can't tell you why,
Let's go to the brothel, just you and I.
Well, just you and I, boy...

Arrived at the brothel, randy and gay,
Turning to Vincent, said: "It's your turn to pay".

Up comes the madam, "Well, what's for you, dears?"
Turning to Vincent, said "What funny ears!".

Well, roses are red, boys, to Vincent van Gogh,
He ran all the way home, to cut his ear off.

Well, it fair turned me off, boys, it fair turned me off,
I'll go no more a-whoring, with Vincent van Gogh.

- - -

ALL THE SAINTS IN KINGDOM COME

All the saints in Kingdom Come,
Sit around and scratch their bum,

With their finger, hallelujah!
With their finger.

Gentle Mary, meek and mild,
Gave herself a holy child,

With her finger...

Joseph had a virgin wife,
Kept her virgin all her life,

With his finger...

Jesus pokes the seraphim,
And they do the same to him,

With their finger...

Women, men and children too,
Jesus Christ is after you,

With his finger...

Ladies all, you must be gay,
Jesus Christ is on his way,

With his finger....

- - -

MOBILE

(Tune: She'll be coming round the Mountain)

O the parson is perverted in Mobile,
O the parson is perverted in Mobile,
O the parson is perverted,
And his morals are inverted,
And there's thousands he's converted in Mobile.

Singing I will if you will so will I,
Singing I will if you will so will I,
Singing I will if you will,
I will if you will,
Singing I will if you will so will I.

O the bishop is a bugger in Mobile (2)
O the bishop is a bugger,
And his brother is another,
And they bugger up each other in Mobile.

There's a girl called Lady Dinah in Mobile (2)
There's a girl called Lady Dinah,
And you'll say once you've tried her,
That she's got the best vagina in Mobile.

O the eagles they fly high in Mobile (2)
O the eagles they fly high,
And they shit right in your eye,
Thank Christ the cows don't fly in Mobile.

Frenchies are in short supply in Mobile (2)
Frenchies are in short supply,
And that's the reason why
They hang them out to dry in Mobile.

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile (2)
There's a shortage of good whores,
But there's keyholes in the doors,
And there's holes in all the floors in Mobile.

Timber is in short supply in Mobile (2)
So they seditate the bogs,
And they wait until it clogs,
And they saw it up for logs in Mobile.

Virgins are very rare in Mobile (2)
Virgins are very rare,
'Cos when they get their pubic hair,
They get rooted by the mayor in Mobile.

(cont.)

O the girls all wear tin pants in Mobile (2)
O the girls all wear tin pants,
But they take 'em off to dance -
Everybody gets his chance in Mobile.

- - -

PENFRIENDS

(Tune: Humoresque)

The Mother:

I could tell that you were pushin'
By the imprints on the cushion,
By the footprints on the dashboard pointing down;
Since you met my daughter Nellie
She's having trouble with her belly,
And I wish you'd never seen this bloody town.

The Salesman:

I'm the one that did the pushin',
Left the bloodstains on the cushion,
Left the footprints on the dashboard pointing down;
Since I met your charming daughter,
I've been having trouble with my water -
And I wish I'd never seen your poxy town.

- - -

THE NEW PEOPLE'S FLAG

The people's flag's not what you think,
It is not red but dirty pink;
It is not stained with martyr's blood,
But Kings Cross harlot's menstrual flood.

Then raise that stinking flag on high!
Beneath its folds I'll bludge or die!
I'll pimp for prosses, pimps and pervs,
And knife the poachers on my preserves.

The working class can kiss my arse,
I've got a bludger's job at last;
That lurky mob can kiss my knob,
For now I have a foreman's job.

(cont.)

No more I'll have to pimp and crawl,
I sit around and do fuck all;
I wouldn't leave if they gave me bail -
I am the Warden of Long Bay gaol.

- - -

ARSEHOLE CHARCOAL

(Tune: Vicar of Bray)

Ten tom-cats by the fireside sat,
All round a bucket of charcoal;
Said the tenth tom-cat to the ninth tom-cat:
"Let's blacken each other's arsehole".

> Arsehole, charcoal, charcoal, arsehole,
> All round a bucket of charcoal,
> So one took a piece and the other took a piece,
> And they blackened each other's arsehole.

Nine tom-cats by the fireside sat... (and so on)

- - -

SYDNEY ORR

(Tune: Sam Hall)

O, my name is Sydney Orr, Sydney Orr, Sydney Orr,
O my name is Sydney Orr, Sydney Orr, Sydney Orr,
O my name is Sydney Orr,
And I've gone and fucked a whore -
That's what the bitch is for, God damn her eyes!

Says she as bold as brass, bold as brass, bold as brass, (
Says she as bold as brass,
"Do I scream or do I pass?" -
She can kiss my royal arse, God damn her eyes!

They put her in the box, in the box, in the box, (2)
Drawing diagrams of cocks -
May she catch her death of pox, God damn her eyes!

O, they made the bitch come clean (2)
And the judges all turned green -
Did they think I was a queen? God damn their eyes!

- - -

SAM

Sam, Sam, lavatory man,
Chief superintendent of the craphouse pan.
He changes the paper and washes the towels,
As he works all day to the music of rumbling bowels -
Hot shit! I got the craphouse blues!
Hot shit! I got the craphouse blues!
Hot shit! I got the craphouse blues today, today, today.

Sam, Sam, so clean and neat,
Cleans all the shit off the lavatory seat,
The ladies adore him and they blow him a kiss,
As he works to the hissing of the tinkling piss.
Hot shit! I got the craphouse blues!
Hot shit! I got the craphouse blues!
Hot shit! I got the craphouse blues today, today, today.

\- - -

OUR GOODMAN

The first night of my return,
My darling wife to see,
I saw a hat upon the rack,
Where my hat ought to me.
I asked my darling wife
To explain this to me,
How this hat got upon the rack,
Where my hat ought to be.

"You're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old cunt,
You're drunk as a cunt can be,
It's nothing put a pisspot that
You kindly gave to me."
"In all my years of travelling,
Ten thousand miles and more,
I never saw a pisspot with
A hatband on before."

The second night of my return,
My darling wife to see,
I saw a hand upon the tit
Where my hand ought to be.
I asked my darling wife,
To explain this thing to me,
How this hand got upon the tit,
Where my hand ought to be.

(continued)

"You're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old cunt,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
It's nothing but the baby that
You kindly gave to me."
"In all my years of travelling,
Ten thousand miles and more,
I've never seen a baby's bum
With hair on it before."

The third night of my return,
My darling wife to see,
I saw a thing within the thing
Where my thing ought to be.
I asked my darling wife,
To explain this thing to me,
What was the thing within the thing
Where my thing ought to be.'

"You're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old cunt,
You're drunk as a cunt can be,
It's nothing but the rolling pin
You kindly gave to me."
"In all my years of travelling,
Ten thousand miles and more,
I've never seen a rolling pin
With balls on it before."

\- - -

THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI

There's a crack winding back
From her belly to her back
  On the road to Gundagai;
There's a Yank there beside her,
You bet your balls he'll ride her,
  Beneath the starry sky;
With a frenchie on his big prick,
He'll ride her with ease,
As he scratches up the gravel
With both of his knees;
Though the time will come to pass
When he'll whop it up her arse
  On the road to Gyndagai.

\- - -

THE LATRINE SONG
(Tune: Begin the Beguine)

My job is to clean an army latrine,
I'm the man with a plan for each pan
That everyone uses;
The paper is there, one each side the news is,
To read while you're in my latrine.
I scrub it all day, and half of the night,
I keep it that way, the way you'd expect it.
And when it gets high, I just disinfect it,
Terrifically clean is my latrine.

I scrub it again at four in the morning,
My cobber joins in, we polish the chain;
And there we are, scrubbing away together,
And wondering whether
We'll get out the stain.
What raptures I've seen, what movements divine -
But the crowd comes along and we find
Our efforts are wasted;
The walls and the floor that were clean
Are literally pasted -
You see what I mean, in my latrine,
O they can't keep it clean, that bloody latrine.

I draw maps for the chaps that lay craps
In every direction;
I lay grass for each arse that cannot
Establish connection;
But it all goes unseen, in my latrine.
If a man is a freak and must leak like a creek,
Make him pay!
For the seat is all wet like an artist's palette
Round the edges;
And I'm thinking it might even be a job
For the dredges;
But I still stand aloof -
They can't reach the roof -
It's the only place clean in my latrine.

\- - -

SIXPENCE

Sing a song of sixpence, a penis full of pus,
Four-and-twenty prostitutes a-riding on a bus,
Fucking in the corridors, rorting on the stairs,
You couldn't see the windows for the cunts and curly hairs.

\- - -

THE BALLAD OF MERRY MARY

(Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike)

I'm the queerest young lady that you'd ever meet,
My lover's a ghost and my son is a beat.
I tried to be true to old Joseph, but God!
I could not resist that celestial rod.

Refrain:

Tra-la-la, tra-la-lee,
O, how would you, how would like to be me.

They say that this bastard I've reared is divine
Because of his tricks with the water and wine,
But I am convinced that he's hit on this lurk
Because he's averse to a bit of hard work.

And what I can't stand are those terrible lies
Of how he is able to make the dead rise,
And I would expose him if there was some hope
Of laying my hands on a good stethoscope.

Now if I were blind and he asked me to trust
For restoring my vision in use of the dust
I'd ask for some sight in the eye of my bum
To be on the watch should the Ghost again come.

For the way the Lad's going I'm certain he will
Be admiring the view from across yonder hill;
So if once more the Spirit endeavours to breed
I'll keep this eye open for Heavenly seed.

Goodbye now, goodbye, write down all I said;
Tell Jim, George and Roelof I'm waiting in bed
To get from the split a thing that will please us:
A rollicking, sweet Libertarian Jesus.

- - -

SAMMY HALL

My name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall,
My name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall,
My name is Sammy Hall, and I've only got one ball -
But it's better than none at all
Damn your eyes, blast your soul,
Bugger 'em all, big and small,
Rotten sods - fuck 'em.

(cont.)

They say I killed a man, killed a man, killed a man...
I hit him on the head with a bloody lump of lead,
And now the bastard's dead...

And now I've got to swing, got to swing, got to swing...
And now I've got to swing on a bloody length of string -
What a FUCKING awful thing!...

The parson he will come, he will come, he will come,..
The parson he will come, with his talk of Kingdom Come -
He can shove it up his bum...

Oh, the sheriff he'll come too, he'll come too, he'll
come too...
The sheriff he'll come too, and he'll bring his motley crew -
They know what they can do...

To heaven I will go, I will go, I will go,..
Yes to heaven I will go, and I'll piss on you below -
I just thought I'd let you know...

And now I am in hell, am in hell, am in hell...
And now I am in hell - what a bloody awful smell -
'Cause the parson's here as well,
God damn his eyes...

- - -

THE MONK OF PRIORY HALL

There was a monk of Priory Hall,
There was a monk of Priory Hall,
And he bashed his balls against a wall,
The old sod, the old sod, shit!

Balls to Mr Winkelstein*, Winkelstein, Winkelstein,
Balls to Mr Winkelstein, dirty old sod!
For he kept us waiting while he was masturbating,
Balls to Mr Winkelstein, dirty old sod.

He met a maid with bright blue eyes...
A bunch of hair between her thighs...

He took her to his lily-white bed...
He laid her down and fucked her dead...

They buried her 'neath the green, green grass...
Shoved the spade right up her arse...

(cont.)

*Cognoscenti, read Wittgenstein.

The choir, it sang a sad Amen...
He fucked her back to life again...

- - -

DINKY DIE

(Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike)

He went up to London and straightaway strode
To army headquarters on Horseferry Road,
To see all the bludgers who dodge all the straff,
By getting soft jobs on the headquarters staff.

Dinky-die, dinky-die,
By getting soft jobs on the headquarters staff.

The lousy lance-corporal said: "Pardon me, please,
You've mud on your tunic and blood on your sleeve;
You look so disgraceful that people will laugh,"
Said that lousy lance-corporal on headquarters staff.

The digger just shot him a murderous glance;
He said: "We're just back from the shambles in France,
Where whizzbangs are flying and comforts are few,
And brave men are dying for bastards like you."

- - -

48 - blank

R E C I T A T I O N S

THE LAY OF THF THREE PROMINENT BASTARDS

The First Bastard:
I am an autocratic figure in these democratic days,
A dandy demonstration of hereditary traits.
As the children of the baker bake the most delicious breads,
And the sons of Casanova fill the most exclusive beds,
So my position in the structure of society I owe
To the qualities of parents bequeathed me long ago.
My father was a gentleman, and musical to boot,
He played the second fiddle in a house of ill-repute.
The madame was a lady, and a credit to her cult,
And she liked my father's fiddling - and I am the result.
So my mother and my father are the ones I have to thank
For the fact that I'm the Chairman of the National Mutual Bank.

The Second Bastard:
In a cosy little farm house in a quaint old country dell,
A dear old-fashioned farmer and his daughter used to dwell.
She was pretty, she was charming, she was gentle, she was mild,
And her sympathies were such that she was frequently with child.
In the year her hospitality attained a record high
She then became the mother of a happy infant -- I.
And whenever she was gloomy, I could always make her grin
By childishly inquiring who my father might have bin.
The hired man was favored by the girls of mother's set
And a traveller from Sydney was an even money bet.
But such was mother's morals, and such was her allure
That even the Archbishop was not completely sure.
So I took my mother's morals, and I took my mother's crust
And now I am the Chairman of the top Investment Trust.

The Third Bastard:
As a member of a chain gang on a dusty Bathurst road
My late lamented father had a permanent abode.
Now some were there for stealing, but my father's only fault
Was an overwhelming weakness for criminal assault.
My father always told me that raping was a crime,
Unless you raped the voters a million at a time.
I'm a debit to my country, but a credit to my dad,
I'm the most expensive M.H.R. this country ever had.

Our parents forgot to get married, our parents forgot to get wed,
Did a wedding bell chime, it was always the time that our
parents were somewhere in bed.
So thanks to our kind, loving parents, we are kings in this land
of the free,
Yon banker, yon broker, yon Canberra joker - three prominent
bastards are we.

Continued.

THE LAY OF THE THREE PROMINENT BASTARDS
(Continued)

Lament Of The Man Who Is Not Prominent:
I'm an ordinary figure in these democratic days,
A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits.
As the children of the flat-footed have the flattest kind of feet,
And the children of Flo. Ziegfield have a waggle in the seat,
So my position at the bottom of society I owe
To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.
My father was a married man, and what is even more,
He was married to my mother, a fact which I deplore.
I was born in holy wedlock, consequently by-and-by
I was rooked by every bastard who had plunder in his eye.
I deposited, I invested, and I voted at ths call,
If I've ever made a penny then these bastards took it all.
But now I've learned my lesson and I'm on the proper track,
I'm a self-appointed bastard, and I'm going to get it back.

\- - -

THE PUB WITH NO BEER

It's a bastard away from a woman and all,
With a pain in the guts from a great lovers' ball
But there's nothing so lonely, shocking and queer
As to knock off a barmaid that's got gonorrhoea.

The publican's anxious for the chemist to come
He's looking with lust at the barmaid's big bum.
He's waiting to give her a belt up the back
But without a French letter he might get the jack.

The stockman rides in with a masterly stroke,
Takes the pants off her arse and gives her a poke.
The look on his face quickly turns to a sneer
When the barmaid informs him she's got gonorrhoea.

The swaggie strides in undoing his fly,
He says "Give me a poke or I'll shoot in your eye,"
The stockman jumps up and says "Don't do it mate,"
But the swaggie says sadly "It's too bloody late."

Billy the blacksmith, the first time in his life
Goes home with a roger to his darling wife.
As he walks in the bedroom she says with a sneer
"Without a French letter you'll get nothing here."

There's a dog on the verandah still suffering from shock,
He'd just seen the size of old Billy's cock.
He dashes for cover and cringes with fear,
"Billy's sure to root something, I'm moving from here."

\- ---

THE SHEARERS LAMENT

I was shearing outback on a wayside track,
Where there's never a thing that pleases,
Where the pines are tall and the gins are small,
What a cunt of a place, by Jesus!

It was run arse-first and we fucked and cursed
To the sheep, to the shed, to the engine;
The penner-up had a sore-eyed pup,
And the musterers kept us cringin'.

The expert cunt with his tools all blunt,
And his headgear shook to pieces,
But I kept my pace in that lousebound place
And minced up the fuckin' fleeces.

I hamstrung more than me penmate shore
And it was go while it lasted:
The rouseabout was a pommy lout
And the boss was a rotten bastard.

He wanted more wool so he made us pull,
We fucking near had to scrape 'em;
God, strike me blue, what a man should do
Is jump on the bastards and rape 'em.

When the whistle blew I grabbed a ewe,
The skin on her gut was rotten;
I cursed and swore as her shitbag tore
And I reached for my needle and cotton.

As I stooped to stitch the dirty old bitch
I was snobbed, I was fucked, I was mastered,
So I kicked her arse down the let-go pass:
"Get out, you rotten old bastard!"

The ram he fetched made our arseholes stretch
Like and old gin's snatch when you squeeze 'er.
My penmate strained with his shirt-tail stained
And his arse went off like a greener.

How the boss would rip with his tin of dip!
He was up to his knees in maggots,
But little did he know with one mighty blow
That I took off his prize ram's aggots.

I was sick and sore of that blasted whore,
He was one of those cunts that grizzles;
So I took a set on those stags of his
And littered the board with their pizzles.

Continued.

The presser slim had his mind on quim,
His bales were all fucked and broken;
The classer swine made up his time,
And tracked him with a farewell token.

The greasy cook had a sore-eyed look,
And, covered with scabs and rashes,
He stuffed our holes with his half-baked rolls -
He'd have poisoned Christ with his hashes!

If you find me back in that louse-bound shack,
I'll be broke to the world and cringin';
You can jam the lot up your dirty black blot -
And start with the fucking engine.

- - -

OYSTERS IS AMOROUS

Oysters is amorous, lobsters is lecherous, but shy-rimps, shy-rimps is the most lascivious of all fish.

When my 'usband comes 'ome with a bellyful of the narsty creatures, Mrs 'Awkins, I says to meself, there'll be trouble - an' sure enough, there is.

No sooner 'ave we been in bed five minutes when 'e says, Mrs H., your cunt, IF you please.

Whereupon, 'aving vented 'isself no less than seventeen times upon my unfortunate person, 'e lays back, exhausted. But not for long.

Barely another five minutes 'ave gone by when 'e turns to me and 'e says Liza, 'e says, 'ow about a bit. Not on your life, says I, clapping my 'and to the offended part, and turning me face to the wall.

Whereupon, with one mighty wave of 'is muscular forearm, 'e throws back the bedclothes and tosses 'isself off upon the ceiling.

And there, all night long, 'arf a noggin of 'is narsty nature goes dy-rip, dy-rip, dy-rip, all over my new linoleum, and I don't get a wink of sleep all night.

ESKIMO NELL

When men grow old and their balls get cold and the tips of
their knobs turn blue,
Looking back on life, 'midst struggle and strife, they could
tell you a tale or two.
So buy me a drink and I will think and a tale to you
I'll tell
Of Red-Eye Dick and his muscular prick and a whore named Eskimo Nell.

When Red-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete set out in search of fun,
'Twas Red-Eye Dick who swung the prick and Mexican Pete the gun,
When Red-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete felt sore, depressed or sad,
'Twas mainly cunt that bore the brunt, though the shootings
weren't too bad.

Now Red-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete were working Deadman's Creek;
They'd had no luck, by way of a fuck, for nigh on over a week,
But a moose or two and a caribou and a bison cow or so;
Since Red-Eye Dick's was the king of pricks he found this fucking slow.

So Red-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete set out for the Rio Grande;
Red-Eye Dick with his mighty prick and Pete with his gun in his hand.
And as they blazed their randy way no man their path withstood,
And many a bride, her husband's pride, knew pregnant widowhood.

They hit the banks of the Rio Grande at the height of a blazing noon;
To slake their thirst and do their worst they sought Red Mike's
saloon.
Came crashing in with doors aswing, both prick and gun flashed free;
"According to sex, you bloody wrecks, you'll drink or fuck with me."

Now they knew this trick of Red-Eye Dick from the Horn to Panama,
With nothing worse than a muttered curse those gringoes sought
the bar.
And girls knew too his playful ways from down on the Rio Grande
And forty whores let down their drawers at Red-Eye Dick's command.

They saw the finger of Mexican Pete twitch on that pistol grip;
They didn't wait but at a fearful rate those whores began to strip,
While Red-Eye Dick was breathing quick with lecherous snorts
and grunts,
'Till forty arses were bared to view and likewise forty cunts.

Now forty arses and forty cunts, you'll see if you can use your wits,
And if you're quick at arithmetic is likewise four-score tits.
Now four-score tits is a gladsome sight to a man with a mighty stand,
It may be rare on New York Square but it's not on the Rio Grande.

Now Red-Eye Dick had had a few on the last preceding night,
And this he'd done in a spirit of fun to whet his appetite.
His mighty knob was in fighting trim as he backed and took a run,
And landed square in the nearest quim and scored a hole in one.

He bored her to the sandy floor and he fairly fucked her fine
And though she grinned it put the wind up the other thirty-nine.
When Red-Eye Dick performs this trick one can do nought but stare;
With speed and strength on top of length he fairly singes hair.

Now Red-Eye Dick he fucks 'em quick -- he cast the first aside
And made a dart at the second tart, when the swing doors opened wide;
Then entered in to that hall of sin, into that harlots' hell,
A lusty maid who was unafraid -- and her name was Eskimo Nell.

Now Red-Eye Dick had got his prick well into number two
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell and loudly voiced "Hey you!"
A startled flick of the muscular prick and the girl flew over
his head;
He whirled about with snarling shout, both face and tool deep red.

But Eskimo Nell she took it well and looked him between the eyes;
She gazed with scorn at the steaming horn as it rose from his
hairy thighs.
She blew a puff of cigarette smoke over that flaming knob,
And so dead beat was Mexican Pete that he failed to do jis job.

'Twas Eskimo Nell who broke the spell in accents clear and cool:
"You cunt-struck simp of a Yankee pimp, d'tou call that thing a tool?"
"If there's none in this town can take that down," she sneered
at the quivering whores ,
"Here's a little cunt that will do the stunt, and it's Eskimo
Nell for yours."

She shed her garments one by one, with an air of conscious pride,
Till there she stood in her womanhood and they saw the great divide.
Though, fair to state, 'twas not too great, but it had a solid rim;
Viewed from without it left no doubt of the tensile strength within.

She spread herself on a table-top where someone had left a glass -
A twitch of her tits and it smashed to bits, 'twixt the muscular
cheeks of her arse.
She raised her knees with supple ease and spread them far apart;
With a smiling nod to the randy sod, she gave him the cue to start.

But Red-Eye Dick knew a trick or two and so he took his time;
A tart like this was coital bliss, so he played a pantomime.
He pumped his foreskin up and down and made his balls inflate
Till they looked like a couple of granite knobs on top of a
garden gate.

He winked his arsehole in and out as his balls increased in size;
The mighty prick grew twice as thick and nearly reached his eyes .
He smothered it with alcohol to make it steaming hot
And to finish the job he peppered his knob with a cayenne
pepper pot.

He didn't ba ck to ta ke a run, nor make a flying leap;
He didn't swoop but 'gan to stoop and steadily forward creep.
With lustful light he took a sight along that gleaming tool,
And the dead slow slide as it went inside was calculating, cool.

Have you ever seen the pistons work on a giant C.P.R.?
With the driving force of a thousand horse - but you know what
pistons are -
Or you think you do, but you haven't a clue on the ins and outs
of that prick -
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run by a man like Red-Eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell, so the onlookers tell, lay smiling and aloof,
With the strength of ten in her abdomen and a vault that was
bullet-proof.
Amidships she could take a jet like the flush of a water-closet,
And she gripped his cock like the forged steel lock on the National
Safe Deposit.

Now Red-Eye Dick could not come quick - he meant to reserve his
powers;
He had in mind to grind and grind for a solid couple of hours.
But she lay for a while with that subtle smile, then the vice-like
grip grew keener;
With a gentle sigh she just sucked him dry, with the ease of a
vacuum cleaner.

She performed this feat in a way so neat that it set a great defiance
Against basic laws that govern the cause of normal sexual science.
She singly r ode through the well-known code which for aeons has
stood the test,
And established rules of established schools in that second or two
went west.

And so my friend we approach the end of this copulative epic;
The effect of this on Dick and his prick was like an anaesthetic.
He slid to the floor and knew no more, his passion past and dead;
He didn't shout as his tool came out, though it must have stripped
the thread.

Mexican Pete sprang to his feet to avenge his pal's affront;
His long-nosed Colt with a savage jolt he rammed right up her cunt;
He rammed it hard to the trigger guard and fired it three times three -
To his surprise she closed her eyes and squealed with ecstacy.

She rose to her feet and looked so sweet: "Bully," she said, "for you.
"Though I might have guessed it's about the best you Yankee simps can do.
"When next, my friend, you two intend to sally forth in fun,
"Get Red-Eye Dick a sugar-stick and buy yourself a bun.

"I'm going back to the frozen north, where the pricks are hard and strong:
"That's the land of the all-night stand - and the nights are six months long.
"Where they fit it in as hard as tin - the land where spunk is spunk -
"Not a trickling stream of luke-warm cream, but a frozen, solid chunk.

"That's the land where they understand what it is to copulate;
"Where even the dead share a double bed and the infants masturbate.
"Back again to the mighty men, to the Terra Bollicum;
"I go, my friends, to a worthy end; for the north is calling 'Come'.

So when a man grows old and his balls grow cold and the tip of his prick turns blue;
And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle - I'd say he was fucked, wouldn't you?

- - -

TABLE MANNERS

The gong had been sounded for breakfast
By the butler, so stately and stout,
Ma came down with a po in her hand
And Pa with his tool hanging out.

"Behave nicely, dear children," said Father,
"Good manners have long been our boast,"
"Manners me arsehole," said Thomas,
As he jerked himself off on the toast.

Then Percival pissed in the pickles,
And farted in Fred's freckled face,
Then, before anyone present could stop him
Young Albert twice fucked little Grace.

Then Sam shoved a sausage up Susie,
And he laughed loud and long at the joke;
Ma then got Pa to piss on the fire
So the baby could play with the smoke.

"Now you have behaved nicely," said Father,
As he prepared Flossie the maid for a fuck,
"And before you go out in the garden
"Shit once in the passage for luck."

THE BASTARD FROM THE BUSH

(Attrib. to Henry Lawson)

As the night was falling slowly over city, town and bush,
From a slum in Jones's Alley came the Captain of the Push,
And his whistle loud and piercing woke the echoes of the Rocks,
And a dozen ghouls came slouching round the corners of the blocks.

Then the Captain jerked a finger at a stranger on the kerb
Whom he qualified politely with an adjective and verb.
Then he made the introduction: "Here's a covey from the bush -
"Fuck me blind, he wants to join us - be a member of the Push."

Then the stranger made this answer to the Captain of the Push,
"Why, fuck you dead, I'm foreskin Fred, the bastard from the bush.
"I've been in every two-up school from Darwin to the 'Loo,
"I've ridden colts and black gins - what more can a bastard do."

"Are you game to smash a window?" asked the Captain of the Push.
"I'd knock a fucking house down," said the bastard from the bush.
"Would you take a maiden's baby?" said the Captain of the Push.
"I'd take a baby's maiden," said the bastard from the bush.

"Would you dong a bloody copper if you caught the cunt alone,
"Would you stoush a swell or Chinkee, split his garret with a stone?
"Would you have a moll to keep you, would you swear off work for good?"
Said the bastard: "My fucking silverplated oath I would."

"Would you care to have a gasper?" said the Captain of the Push.
"I'll take the bloody packet," said the bastard from the bush.
Then the pushites all took counsel, saying, "Fuck me, but he's game.
"Let's make him our star basher, he'll live up to his name."

So they took him to their hideout, that bastard from the bush,
And they granted him all privileges appertaining to the push.
But soon they found his little ways were more than they could stand,
And finally the Captain thus addressed his little band.

"Now listen here, you buggers, we've caught a fucking tartar,
"At every kind of bludging, that bastard is a starter,
"At poker and at two-up, he's shook our fucking rolls,
"He swipes our fucking liquor, and he robs our fucking molls."

So down in Jones's Alley all the members of the push
Laid a dark and dirty ambush for the bastard from the bush.
But against the wall of Riley's pub, the bastard made a stand,
A nasty grin upon his dial, a bike-chain in each hand.

They sprang upon him in a bunch, but one by one they fell,
With crack of bone, unearthly groan, and agonising yell,
Till the sorely-battered Captain, spitting teeth and gouts of blood,
Held an ear all torn and bleeding in a hand bedaubed with mud.

"You low polluted bastard," snarled the Captain of the Push,
"Get back to where your sort belongs, that's somewhere in the bush:
"And I hope heaps of misfortune may soon tumble down on you,
"May some lousy harlot dose you till your ballocks turn sky-blue.

"May the pangs of windy spasms through your bowels dart,
"May you shit your bloody trousers every time you try to fart,
"May you take a swig of gin's piss, mistaking it for beer,
"May the next push you impose on toss you out upon your ear.

"May the itching piles torment you, may corns grow on your feet,
"May crabs as big as spiders attack your balls a treat,
"Then when you're down and outed, to a hopeless bloody wreck,
"May you slip back through your arsehole, and break your fucking neck."

- - -

IT'S TIME THE POOR BASTARD WAS DEAD

For forty-odd years I've been buggered
With all sorts of horrible pains,
I've had every ailment I reckon
From ulcers to varicose veins.

I've spent a small fortune at chemists,
And lain months in hospital beds,
And the stuff that I've taken to shift me
Has torn my old arse-hole to shreds.

I've a neurotic nerve as a torture,
They say I've a valvular heart,
While I strain like a bloody great carthorse -
And all I squeeze out is a fart.

I've got rheumatic gout in my fingers,
It's made them all sizes and shapes;
And the piles that I have in my rectum
Hang down like a great bunch of grapes.

My diet is fuckawful putrid,
If I have a square meal I feel sick;
And there's also a funny sensation
Like rats gnawing holes in my prick.

Uric acid they say is my trouble,
So I do not mind telling you this:
I've got to whistle 'The Last Rose of Summer'
To coax the old doodle to piss.

And as for a first-class erection -
The idea is just simply absurd!
For my cock's like an under-sized maggot,
And as soft as a night-commode turd.

I spend all the day in the shit-house,
Or moaning and groaning in bed,
While my bowels simply murmur in passing:
'It's time the poor bastard was dead.'

- - -

THE GODDAM ISLES

We were five days out from Liverpool when we run aground. Me, I says we run aground; Bill, 'e says we run aground; but the bosun, cunning bugger that 'e were, 'e says we struck a fuckin' rock.

And so we swims ashore. Me, I swims ashore; Bill, 'e swims ashore; but the bosun, cunning bugger that 'e were, 'e paddles 'imself ashore in a sanitary pan.

It was thus that we arrived at the Goddam Isles, where we were met by the King, genial sod, the Queen, voluptuous bitch, the two Royal daughters, Cy Phyllis and Joan O'Rhea, affable abortions, the four hundred and fifty-seven royal concubines, connubial cunts, and the entire population of the Goddam Isles, fucking shits.

From there we proceeded to the a-rena, where the witch-doctor, titivating his penis to e-nor-mous 'eights, and balancing thereon one telegraph pole, one country shithouse, one packet of W.D. and H.O. Wills (the only brand), and one bar of Sunlight soap, to keep the whole issue clean, 'e doubled thirty-tree and one-third times around the a-rena, to the delight and amazement of the King...

Me, I was amazed. Bill, 'e was amazed. But the bosun, cunning bugger that 'e were, not to be outdone, 'e titivated 'is penis to e-nor-mous 'eights, and, balancing thereon one telegraph pole, one country shithouse, one packet of W.D. and H.O. Wills (the only brand), one bar of Sunlight soap, to keep the whole issue clean, and one witch-doctor, 'e doubled thirty-three and

two-thirds times around the a-rena, to the delight and amazement of the King... and to the ever-lasting glory of the British mercantile marine. Rah, rah, rah!

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the seas,
Britons never, never, never shit green peas.

- - -

THE BALLAD OF PROFESSOR JOHN GLAISTER

(From the Glasgow Medical School)

Och, I am a marvel of medical jur.,
A fact which I hope to make plain unto you,
I never get flurried whatever I do,
For I am the great Professor John Glaister,
Just bear that in mind and you're bound to get through.

A self-made man I and a Glasgow M.D.,
D. Ph. Cambridge and F.R.S.E.,
And if I live on to the next century,
The first Baron Glaister they're certain to make me,
And that is as fittin' as fittin' can be.

I'm a marvellous man when I stand in the dock -
I hold with the judge a long technical talk,
I always refer to the penis as 'cock',
For I have had forty-five years of experience -
Just bear that in mind and you're as safe as a rock.

I appear for the Crown on all cases of rape,
I measure the quims with a forty-foot tape,
The seminal stains from the garments I scrape,
I chase all the wee wily spermatozoa,
I never let one little bugger escape.

If a fossilized foetus you find up your lumb,
Or your wife shoves a poker red-hot up your bum,
Or you playfully bugger an affable chum,
Then the Lord Justice Hawkins and I are agreed, Sir,
That into our hands you will speedily come.

If your son of eleven has large hairy balls,
And fornicates freely with casual whores,
For my medico-legal experience he calls,
I publish his quite praeter-natural penis,
In picturesque poses on lectural walls.

Unhappy crypt-orchids come knock at my door,
Or hubbies who think they have married a w hore,
Of imperforate hymens I widen the bore,
I anaesthetize hyper-aesthotic vaginas,
By methods I've frequently outlined before.

Relentless am I scrutinizing a quim,
Or men who've wrought damage to their anal rim,
On shelves in my surgery testicles swim
In bottles with phagocytes, foreskin and fungus -
I gather my specimens grisly and grim.

The Lord Justice Hawkins holds me in esteem
When Exhibit A is a bottled wet dream,
I strain out the semen and treat it with steam,
Lest the slim spirochaete should screw up the scrotum,
nd slip syphilitically into the stream.

For penises puckered and pincned up with pain,
For prostrates that piddle again and again,
And arseholes that arcn as they take up the strain,
Are the pride and the joy of Professor John Gla ister,
As I sit in my office and laugh like a drain.

In columns of water I search for a clue,
In high exhumations I search for them too,
And things that are fishy and foetid and blue,
Are all in the line of Professor John Glaister,
And note that the converse is equally true.

\- - -

FRAGMENT

"Bring me a boy..."

"Bring me another boy..."

"Blast it. Bring me my brass-bound buggery box. These boys split too easily."

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

It was the good ship Venus, my God you should have seen us,
Our figure-head was a whore in bed, our crest a rampant penis.

The Captain's name was Mugger, upon that dirty lugger,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit, the fornicating bugger.

The Captain's wife was Mabel, each time that she was able,
She and the mate would fornicate, upon the galley table.

The first mate's name was Wiggun, by God, he had a big 'un,
We bashed his cock with a lump of rock, for friggin' in the riggin'.

The skipper's little daughter, she fell into the water,
Ecstatic squeals revealed that eels had found her sexual quarter.

The stewardess was Dinah, she sprung a leak off China,
We had to pump poor Dinah's rump to empty her vagina.

The cabin-boy's name was Ripper, a cunning little nipper,
He lined his arse with broken glass and circumcised the skipper.

The ladies of the nation arose in indignation
And stuffed his bum with chewing-gum - a smart retaliation!

The bosun's name was Andy, by God that man was randy,
We boiled his bum in red-hot rum, for coming in the brandy.

The third mate's name was Morgan, a homosexual gorgon,
A dozen crows in rows could pose upon his sexual organ.

The ship's dog's name was Rover, we fairly bowled him over,
And ground and ground that faithful hound, from Calais Roads to Dover.

On the trip to Buenos Aires, we rogered all the fairies,
We got the syph. at Teneriffe, and clap in the Canaries.

'Twas on the China station, at the Christmas celebration,
We sank a junk with a load of spunk, from mutual masturbation.

The cook's name was O'Malley, for him no shilly-shally,
He shot his bolt with such a jolt, he wrecked the bloody galley.

The captain was elated, the crew investigated,
They found some sand in his prostate gland -- he had to be castrated.

- - -

THE BRIDE'S LETTER

(Attrib. Lord Byron)

Dear Bella,

At parting I promised to write
And confess to you all that happened that night
That Frank and your Emma were joined hand in hand
And allowed to fulfil all that love can demand.

Ah, Solomon's wisdom has never portrayed
The wonderful ways of a man with a maid!
Be assured that they can only be shown
By lessons in bed with a man of your own.

However, I'll tell you as well as I can
Of all I've been shown of the ways of a man
So that you (little innocent damsel!) may learn
How the game must be played when it comes to your turn.

When breakfast was over, Frank's carriage and four
Well-appointed and handsome, drove up to the door
And we started for Brighton, exactly at noon,
To spend in seclusion our sweet honeymoon.

Bright sunshine was with us the whole of the way
And dear Frank appeared most amorous and gay -
So excited indeed, that, although in the carriage,
He began to indulge in the freedom of marriage.

After drawing the blinds and removing my wrap
He lifted me bodily into his lap;
I snuggled against him, my head on his shoulder;
I kissed his dear lips, and that made him boulder.

For with passionate kisses his lips mine pressed;
His hand, 'neath my chin, quickly stole to my breast.
Blushing crimson, I struggled with all my might,
And begged him, protesting, to wait for the night.

But he laughed at my fears and said no one could see,
As suddenly he parted my legs with his knee.
Then his bold daring fingers crept up tween my thighs,
While his other hand held me unable to rise.

I was frightened and shocked, but what could I say?
So I nestled against him and gave him his way.
Roaming and teasing, his hand remained there,
Caressing me gently and tickling the hair.

His frivolity lasted for over an hour,
And, reclining, I gave myself into his power
And resisted no more; just between you and me,
I felt rather thrilled - though I tried not to be.

Then we reached our hotel, and found all prepared:
Our apartments were cozy and thoroughly aired,
And dinner was served - but my appetite had vanished
For really, excitement all other things banished.

How the evening was spent, 'tis superfluous to write,
For I know you'd read on till you see the word 'night'.
Well, attend and I'll draw the dark curtain aside
And reveal you the ways of a man and his bride.

You remember how often we longed to discover
What sensations were found in the arms of a lover?
Well, now was my chance, but I only felt faint,
And blushed and looked nervous, despite all restraint.

Frank saw my condition, and tenderly said:
'You look tired, Emma darling, so run off to bed.
You know where the room is, you're sure of the number,
Make haste and I'll come to watch over your slumber'.

The sly naughty boy! but I knew what he meant;
So, modestly blushing, I kissed him and went.
I was scarcely undressed and prepared for my doom
When I heard the door open - he'd entered the room.

Still and silent I lay, between wonder and dread
While he threw off his clothes and climbed into bed.
In an instant I felt myself clasped in his arms,
And quickly lost most of my girlish alarms.

He soothed me so fondly, and gave me such kisses,
That my blood seemed to crave for more exquisite blisses.
Then, taking my nightie, he slipped out my arms
And drew it right off me without any qualms.

Well, perfectly naked, I lay by his side
And vainly endeavoured my blushes to hide
As his hand wandered o'er me and gently caressed -
There, my pen cannot write, but I think you have guessed.

But reserve quickly vanished, and love, unrestrained
By shyness or fear, triumphantly reigned.
All his passionate kisses I freely returned,
For flame of desire in me irresistibly burned.

Soon his arms went around me, and without more delay
He held me firmly beneath him, as a lion its prey.
Then his knees pushed at mine till he forced them apart;
I felt something touch me like the point of a dart.

He manoeuvred it gently, and brought it to rest
With the tip at the entrance, then lay on my breast
Cuddling me closely he pressed with his lance
Till closer and closer I felt it advance.

The pressure increased, till I cried out with pain
And implored him to stop - but I pleaded in vain,
For, helpless beneath him, in frightened submission,
I felt a sharp pain: the dart gained admission.

So severe was the pain that I begged with a sigh
'Please don't push so hard, or I'm sure I will die'
But tears and entreaties alike went unheeded
As intent on his purpose the despoiler proceeded.

Although he was armed - as I thought - like a giant
Apparently nature has made us quite pliant,
For I found myself yielding to every aggression,
And before very long he gained total possession.

But O what a wonderful weapon that lance is,
Surpassing by far our most ladylike fancies!
So resistless its power, so surprising its length,
I felt its dimensions and its terrible strength.

Now I found, my dear Bella, that saying to be true
That a man and his wife are one and not two,
For a union so close all description surpasses, -
Can scarce be believed by you innocent lasses.

Of course, by this time I'd forgotten my fright,
For the pain was replaced by thrills of delight,
As with my knees partly flexed round his legs I entwined,
And in passionate rhythm our bodies combined.

With his knees pressing mine he began the attack
First drawing it out, then pushing it back,
While with arms round his neck and thighs wide apart
I thrilled to each stroke of the rapturous dart.

Each passionate stroke was delightfully given
And I seemed to be wafted enchanted to heaven
As his weapon of bliss, with strong steady motion,
Did its work with exquisite skill and devotion.

Thus we reveled in joy, till our transport at last
Reached the climax of Hymen's delightful repast.
I thought I'd be crushed as Frank sank on my breast,
But a rapture untold seemed to add to my zest.

I could feel deep within me the conqueror swelling,
Throbbing with the strength of an outburst impelling.
So to his vigorous frame like a tendril I clung,
While our lips with lascivious kisses I clung.

For a moment ecstatic dissolving we lay;
Then a fountain of love seemed to burst into play
And there thrilled through my veins an o'erpowering sensation
As I felt the warm pledge of our love's consummation.

Although the first tempest of his passion was spent,
My beloved on further achievement was bent,
For he still kept possession, with ardour subdued,
And, embracing me closely, the pastime pursued.

Delighted I felt the keen impulse again
And returned with fresh ardour the strokes of my swain,
Who, more temperate now, played his amorous part,
Restraining the force of his soul-stirring dart.

He pushed it in hard, till it fitted quite tight,
Then paused there, as if to prolong the delight;
But, panting with pleasure, my breath almost gone
I longed for brisk action, and murmured 'Keep on'.

All attention, my summons was quickly obeyed,
And again the warm tribute of ecstasy paid,
As, pulsating with love, his stalwart erection
Delivered within me its thrilling injection.

We abandoned ourselves with intensified zeal
To delicious sensations, so wonderfully real,
Till, exhausted and faint, with our passion quite spent,
We lay side by side in blissful content.

Thus the first act of wedlock was brought to a close,
And, naked, we rested in quiet repose.
But my dreams so reflected our amorous game
That I started and woke with my blood all aflame.

Refreshed by the sleep, my first thought on waking
Was the knowledge that more could be had for the taking;
So I cuddled to Frank with warm ardent kisses
As a hint that I sought a renewal of blisses.

This action awakened my ardent young swain,
With desire all aroused for excitement again,
For he rested my hand on the source of our pleasure
The pride of his manhood, and a woman's best treasure.

It was soft and quite firm, but attached to its base
Were two little globes, enclosed in a case.
I couldn't resist it, but gave them a squeeze,
While my darling lay smiling in sensuous ease.

His purr as I fondled him seemed to grow stronger
Till at last he was able to stand it no longer,
For he cuddled against me, and with one quick tilt
Plunged the weapon right in me, up to the hilt.

Once again we pursued our delightful employment,
Straining each nerve to increase the enjoyment,
Whilst murmurs of ecstasy marked each stroke
And the bed, by its creaking, our ardour bespoke.

At last we attained love's complete invocation
And poured out together Hymen's great libation.
Thus alternately sporting and sleeping we lay
For the rest of the night and well into the day.

Six times we indulged in this amorous riot;
(My love by now seemed disposed to be quiet)
But, to tell you the truth, if we'd had half a score
I would have coaxed him, and coveted more.

But he thought it more prudent and wise to observe
The maxim of keeping a force in reserve.
Besides, he could scarce do his utmost best
If his strength weren't renewed and replenished by rest.

Still I nestled against him, with quenchless desire,
And fanned the wan embers of love's waning fire.
Growing bolder and bolder, I teased with one roving hand,
Till I felt my dear playfellow grow and expand.

Very soon it had reached its former perfection,
And proudly it stood in its proudest erection.
But Frank (lazy boy!) just lay on his back
And declared it my turn to commence the attack.

So I mounted at once, after parting the hair,
And placed the dart in position with infinite care,
Then extended my body full length on his chest,
Determined to please him by doing my best.

Astonished, he said 'You're a hot little devil!
You're not a bit backward in joining the revel! '
From the first he'd imagined I wouldn't be cold,
But seemed quite delighted to find me so bold.

He said he was happy and pleased beyond measure
To think that he'd won such a lovable treasure.
My work thus receiving such encouraging praise
I continued the effort with no more delays.

After letting my elbows press close to his side
I moved up and down slowly, still riding astride;
Then with long rapid strokes very soon I succeeded
In obtaining the pleasure we both sadly needed.

After lying there a while in the upper position
I gently commenced on a second edition.
I managed the task with such workmanlike skill
That soon I experienced the most wonderful thrill.

Then, grasping my loins, he pushed further inside
As the fountain of love shot into his bride.
The morning thus dawned, but I still longed for more,
But the maid knocked outside and opened the door.

Before she could see us Frank pulled up the sheet
And smiling I thanked him for being so sweet.
Though I didn't mind him seeing me lying there nude,
I hated to have any stranger intrude.

After taking some tea and some hot buttered toast
I begged him to give me just one more at most.
So he laughingly suggested a change of position
- And, of course, I was ready for any condition.

He lifted me easily out of the bed
And told me to stand with my hands on my head;
Then, moving behind me, to show me the pose,
Bade me bend slowly and reach for my toes.

Obeying, I bent, with legs well apart;
Then with one thrilling push he inserted the dart.
As he leaned on my back it was certainly nice,
For I squeezed him inside me as though in a vice.

Though at first this position seemed rather rude
I soon felt our pleasant sensations renewed
As, rising on tiptoes, he seemed to have pressed
Further than ever, in amorous quest.

Then, with hands on my breasts, and a fast final shove,
He emitted within me his warm liquid love.
But the thrill of this action exhausted me quite,
And dear Frank seemed himself in a similar plight.

Sated with love, we needed repose;
So, returning to bed, we got under the clothes.
This completed the sport for that wonderful night,
And soon sleep descended, a welcome respite.

By and by we arose and performed our ablutions
And washed off the stains of our recent pollutions
But while I was stripped, having just left the bath,
Frank entered the room with his soft little laugh.

He held out his arms and exclaimed with fond pride
'I just want to admire my wonderful bride,
To feast love's eyes on her beautiful figure,
Aglow with good health and resplendent with vigour'.

Though I felt a bit shy at my naked condition
I flew to his arms with adoring submission.
And between his kisses my wonderful boy
Vowed he'd nightly renew and increase all my joy.

'But now, my dear', said he, 'we must hurry our toilet,
For luncheon is served; 'twould be pity to spoil it.'
But after the meal, while I was changing my frock,
He crept up behind me and gave me a shock.

For, clasping my hands firmly over my head,
He compelled me to sit on the edge of the bed;
Then he pulled up my clothes until well round my waist
While he unfastened his trousers in evident haste.

Then tucking my legs right over each shoulder
He drew down my knickers, growing bolder and bolder;
Then his strong rigid weapon, in perfect condition,
Seemed to enter with ease to its natural position.

Such brilliant endeavour I gladly augmented,
And almost at once we were both quite contented.
But when I suggested we do it again,
He smilingly said 'twould be best to refrain'.

For if thus we exhausted the whole of our forces
When bedtime arrived we'd have no more resources.
To obtain the greatest pleasure from our wedded condition,
Naked in bed was the proper position.

Although very pleased with the way I complied
He declared love would increase if sometimes denied.
So, assured my dear lover was certainly right,
I made up my mind that we'd wait for the night.

But words after all do not nearly reveal
The joys that in wedlock you are destined to feel.
So lose not a minute, my dear little Bella,
And fly to the arms of some lucky fellow.

Make haste and get married, as soon as you can,
For life's just a waste till enjoyed with a man.
He will quickly remove all your girlish dilemma
And make you as thrilled as

Your happy friend,

Emma.

LINES ADDRESSED BY A STUDENT OF BALLIOL COLLEGE TO A STUDENT OF KEBLE COLLEGE OXFORD

(Attrib. Hilaire Belloc)

Extensive and painful researches,
By Darwin and Huxley and Ball,
Have conclusively proved that the hedgehog,
Can never be buggered at all.

And equally painful researches
Have incontrovertibly shown,
That comparative safety at Keble,
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

\- - -

L I M E R I C K S

ECCLESIASTICAL

A deacon of Tartary-Crim,
Whose notions of fucking were grim,
Used to get lots of fun
Out of stuffing a nun
With the sign of the cross on her quim.

\- - -

The Bishop of Alexandretta
Loved a girl and he couldn't forget her,
So he thought he'd enshrine her
As the Holy Vagina
In the Church of the Sacred French Letter.

\- - -

The aged Archbishop of Joppa
Said, "I think circumcision improper
If the organ is small,
But I don't mind at all
About cutting a slice off a whopper."

\- - -

There was a young lady of Kew
Who said as the Curate withdrew,
"The Vicar is slicker,
And quicker and thicker,
And two inches longer than you."

\- - -

That selfsame young lady of Kew
Said as the Vicar withdrew,
"The Verger's emerger
Is longer and lurger
And he gets his bollocks in too."

\- - -

A habit both vile and unsavoury
Kept the Bishop of London in slavery,
With lecherous howls
He deflowered little owls
That he kept in an underground aviary.

\- - -

There was an old Bishop of Bings
Whose mind wandered off higher things,
His only desire
Was a boy in the choir
With an arse like a jelly on springs.

\- - -

ECCLESIASTICAL (Cont.)

The kindly old Bishop of Birmingham
Seduced the young girls when confirming 'em,
'Midst roars of applause
He'd lower their drawers
And insert the episcopal worm in 'em.

- - -

On the bridge stood the Bishop of Buckingham,
Thinking of arseholes and sucking 'em,
Watching the stunts
Of the cunts in the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em.

- - -

There was an old Bishop of Buckingham
Wrote a book about women and fucking 'em.
This notable work
Was capped by a Turk
Who wrote a treatise on arseholes and sucking 'em.

- - -

There was a young lady called Alice
Who pissed in the Archbishop's chalice,
It wasn't for need
She committed the deed
But simply sectarian malice.

- - -

GEOGRAPHICAL

There was a young lady of Trail
Who offered her body for sale.
She was kind to the blind
For on her behind
Her prices were written in Braille.

- - -

There was a young lady of Sydney
Who took it right up to the kidney.
One fellow, by heck,
Went right up to her neck,
He had a big one, now, didn't he!

- - -

A clever young harlot from Kew
Filled up her vagina with glue.
She said, with a grin,
"If they pay to get in
They can pay to get out of it too!"

- - -

A policeman of Stillwater Junction
Whose penis had long ceased to function
For years of his life
Deceived his wife
By judicial misuse of his truncheon.

\- - -

There was a young lady called Phoebe
Who kept a small tame amoebe,
This wee piece of jelly
Would crawl on her belly
And tenderly murmur "Ich Liebe."

\- - -

There was a young lady of Devon
Was raped on a haystack by seven
High Anglican priests --
Libidinous beasts--
Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

\- - -

There was a young man of St John's
Who attempted to bugger the swans,
When up came the porter --
"Sir, please take my daughter,
The swans are reserved for the dons."

\- - -

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno
Said "Fucking is one thing I do know,
"A woman is fine,
"A boy is divine,
"But a llama is numero uno."

\- - -

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose cock was so long he could suck it;
He said with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it."

\- - -

There was a young man from Bengal
Who had a retangular ball;
The square of his date,
Plus his penis times eight
Was two-fifths of five-eights of fuck-all

\- - -

A pretty young thing from Cape Cod,
Said, 'Good things come only from God.'
But it twas not the Almighty
Who lifted her nighty,
But Rodger the Lodger, the sod.

- - -

There was a young fellow from Kent,
Whose tool was most horribly bent;
To save himself trouble
He put it in double --
And instead of coming, he went.

- - -

A man on a farm in Moritz
Once planted two acres of tiz;
They came up in the fall,
Pink nipples and all,
And he leisurely chewed them to bitz.

- - -

There was a young monk from Siberia
Whose existence grew drearier and drearier;
Till one night with a yell
He burst from his cell
And buggered the Father Superior.

- - -

It seems that all our perversions
Were known to the Medes and the Persians;
But the French and the Yanks
Earn our undying thanks
For inventing some modernised versions.

- - -

From a tomb, in a crypt, at St. Giles
Came a scream that was heard round for miles:
'O goodness gracious!'
Said Brother Ignatius,
'I forgot that the Abbot has piles.'

- - -

A maiden from Avignon, France,
Thought she'd diddle a while with bonne chance;
So she let herself go
For an hour or so
And now all her sisters sont tantes.

- - -

There was a young girl from Devon
Who was attacked by a party of seven
Unorthodox priests --
Lecherous beasts!
For such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

\- - -

\- - -

There was an old man of Cape Horn
Who wished he had never been born.
He wouldn't have been
If his father had seen
That the end of his frenchie was torn.

\- - -

There was a young man of Belgrave
Who fucked a dead moll in a cave.
He said, "I admit,
"I'm a bit of a shit,
"But look at the money I save."

\- - -

A virtuous maiden from Lilde
For a decade remained undefiled
By thinking of Jesus,
Contagious diseases,
And the dangers of having a child.

\- - -

A young buck from Southern Halameter
Had an organ of tremendous diameter;
But it wasn't the size
That brought moans and cries,
'Twas the rhythm -- iambic pentameter.

\- - -

There was a young fellow from Kings
Who dabbled in women and things,
But his principal joy
Was a short-trousered boy
With an arsehole like jelly on springs.

\- - -

There was a young man from Duntroon
Who was born about three months too soon;
He hadn't the luck
To be born by a fuck,
But a wet-dream fed in with a spoon.

\- - -

COGNOMINAL

A daring young midget named Shaw
Went to bed with a very large whore;
And - God rest his soul -
He fell into her hole,
Screamed twice, and was heard of no more.

\- - -

There was a young physicist named Fisque,
Who was termed a security risque;
For acts of perversion
Were his main diversion,
At which one can only say 'Tisque'.

\- - -

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam
Just stroking the butt of his madam;
He was quaking with mirth,
For in all of the earth,
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

\- - -

There was a young man named Racine
Who invented a fucking machine;
Concave and convex
To fit any sex
But O, what a bastard to clean.

\- - -

There was a young lady called Rhoda,
Who lived in a Chinese pagoda;
The walls of the halls
Were bestrewn with the balls
And the tools of the fools who'd bestrode her.

\- - -

A frustrated virgin named Pugh
Once dreamed she was having a scrugh;
Repenting her sin,
She awoke with chagrin,
At finding it perfectly trugh.

\- - -

T O A S T S

Here's to the lousy, stinking wowsers!
Always looking down barmaids' blouses,
Pulling bulls off happy cowses,
Looking for stains on young men's trousers --
Here's to the lousy, stinking wowsers:
Fuck 'em!

- - -

Here's to the gash that never heals,
The more you touch it the better it feels.
Rub it and tub it and scrub it like hell,
You'll never get rid of that fishy old smell.

- - -

Here's to the girl that lives on the hill,
If she won't do it her sister will.
Here's to her sister!

- - -

Here's to the breezes
That blow through the treeses
And lift the girls dresses
Way over their kneeses
And show us that old thing
That twitches and squeezes
Be Jesus!

- - -

Here's to the breezes,
That blow through the treeses,
And lift the chemises,
Above the girls' kneeses,
And show us the creases,
That oozes and squeezes,
And teases and pleases,
And carries diseases,
And pays the doctor's feeses,
Be Jesus!

- - -

Here's to the girl that I love best:
I love her bext when she's undressed,
I fuck her sitting, standing, lying,
If she had wings, I'd fuck her flying.
And when she's dead and long forgotten,
I'll dig her up and fuck her rotten.

- - -

HEALTH WORDS NO. 2

Has never been won yet.

	A		T
F	U		
	I	S	S
S			T
	U	N	T

Clues (across)

1. Wind
2. Connection
3. Relief
4. Waste
5. Female

Solution:

E A S T
F U S E
K I S S
S O O T
A U N T

Here is an explanation of the more difficult ones:

1. "EAST" is preferred since it definitely indicates which way the wind is blowing. "FART" is too general, for although the wind is important, so is the sound, so "EAST" is best here.

2. "FUSE" is selected as it can be defined as a definite connection. "FUCK" is too vague, for although it is so often deemed a connection, it is also a way of expressing your opinion of someone, such as the boss, so "FUSE" is best.

3. "KISS" is bestsince when you come home after work to kiss the little woman shows your relief that she is safe and well after your absence. With "PISS" however, although it may be a relief if one has been busting for it, you have been on the piss, and a hangover and a nagging wife can hardly be called a relief, so "KISS" is preferred.

4. "SOOT" is right, since it is definitely a waste of coal. "SHIT", although it may be the means of wasting time at work, it can also be a well-spent action for health reasons. Although anyone who gets anything for shit is looked upon as a smart guy who has neither time nor money, the clue favours "SOOT."

5. "AUNT" is the only answer considered, as it definitely is female. "CUNT" is far too general in speech. For example, there are lots of cunts that are definitely not female such as Smart Cunts, Dumb Cunts, Dead Cunts, Mug Cunts, and the Chinese bloke Sum Cunt -- so "AUNT" is definitely preferred.

- - -

ENVOI

Our task is done, our play is at an end.
Pleasure with business let us deftly blend,
And beg, for this poor tale of cock and cunt,
The kind forbearance of our friends in front.
If you approve, you'll signify, perhaps,
Your pleasure, not by poxes, but by claps.

GOD SHAVE THE QUIM!

VIVAT VAGINA!

(Epilogue from "The Sod's Opera")

p 80 - blank

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

SONGS